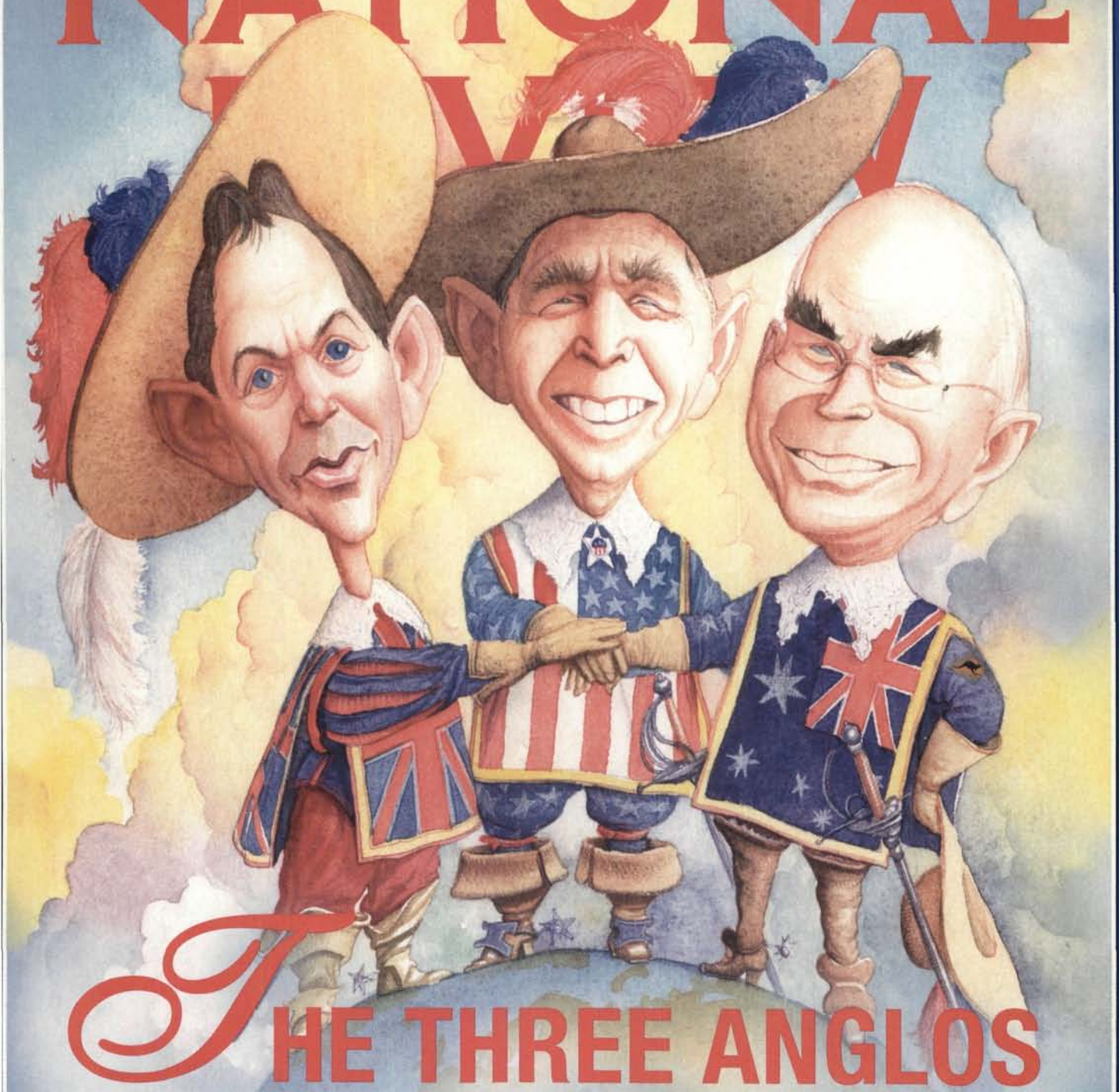
ROB LONG: IN DEFENSE OF THE FRENCH

# NATIONAL REVIEW



# THE THREE ANGLOS

*The English-speaking alliance to save the world*

BY RAMESH PONNURU

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# The global climate and energy challenge

Six billion people currently inhabit the earth. A quarter of us have only limited access to energy services: heat, transportation and electricity for myriad uses. In 20 years, another 1.5 billion people will join us, and their living conditions will depend in large part on the availability of energy. Supplying this energy will be a significant challenge, but it is not the only challenge we face.

We humans are interacting with the geochemical systems of our planet on a global scale. The concentration of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere has increased by a third from its preindustrial level, and the resulting change in the acidity of the upper ocean can be detected. Although climate has varied throughout Earth's history from natural causes, today there is a lively debate about the timing and magnitude of the climate's response to the presence of more greenhouse gases in the atmosphere.

**One of the grand challenges humans face**

While that debate continues, we should consider now how to develop technology options that have much-lower emissions of greenhouse materials (e.g., carbon dioxide, methane and black soot). Supplying the energy required by both well-established and developing societies while at the same time reducing greenhouse emissions will be one of the grand challenges that we humans must face in this century.

Meeting this challenge will require financial resources and the engagement of the best minds we can find.

We can imagine many potential technology paths that have lower greenhouse emissions. In fostering technological innovations that will permit significant reductions in emissions, we need to understand what barriers (including performance, cost, safety, environmental impact and consumer acceptance) will limit our ability to put the new technology in place, and then to attack these barriers with research.

We need options that can be used by people in both developing and developed countries. We should work now to put in place research that will create innovative technologies for energy supply and use in the future. And as individuals we can all contribute by choosing efficient ways to use energy.

A project that will work toward these goals is just beginning at Stanford University with the support of a group of global companies (including ExxonMobil, GE, Schlumberger and E.ON). With initial funding of $225 million, the Global Climate and Energy Project (GCEP) will unleash the creativity of faculty and students at Stanford and other universities and research institutions worldwide. With a sustained effort in this project and many others, we can begin now to create a path toward an energy future that is feasible and practical — applicable to both the developed and the developing world — with much-lower greenhouse emissions.

Dr. Lynn Orr,
*GCEP Project Director, Stanford University*

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MARCH 24, 2003 VOL. LV, NO. 5

# NATIONAL REVIEW

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■ **COVER STORY**

## The Empire of Freedom

The end of the Western alliance has now moved out of the realm of conjecture. Almost everyone, it seems, is giving up on that alliance. Although it is not without its difficulties, the "Anglosphere" is the most plausible alternative. *By Ramesh Ponnuru*

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**COVER:** *Roman Genn*

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

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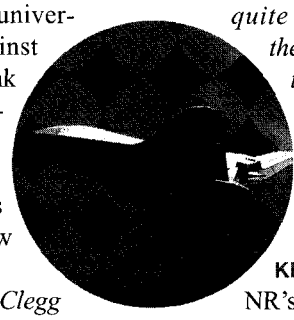
# letters to the editor

### CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS

In "Originalist Sin" (March 10) Ramesh Ponnuru argues that the Constitution doesn't prohibit state universities from discriminating on the basis of race and that civil rights laws shouldn't. It's unclear why he thinks the Constitution doesn't contain this prohibition, since he concedes that segregation in state schools may be banned.

The more fundamental problem with Mr. Ponnuru's argument is that it ignores the fact that the Constitution and the civil rights laws are now both interpreted to ban discrimination against some racial groups, so the only real issue is whether they also ban discrimination against others. Were we writing on a clean slate, perhaps a case could be made for allowing state universities to discriminate against anyone, though I don't think so. But there is no principled argument for the Constitution or civil rights laws to protect some racial groups from discrimination but allow it against others.



*Roger Clegg*
*Center for Equal Opportunity*
*Sterling, Va.*

RAMESH PONNURU REPLIES: *In my article, I noted Michael McConnell's argument that primary education was considered a civil right and school segregation a violation of it at the time the Fourteenth Amendment was ratified. That argument can't be made with respect to state universities. A college education was not considered a civil right at the time; nor is it so considered today. Mr. Clegg seems to be suggesting that since the Supreme Court has departed from the original understanding of the amendment to benefit blacks, it should do so to benefit whites and Asians as well. How is this a more principled position than urging a return to the original understanding?*

### ODDS VS. PROBABILITY

I enjoyed "After *Columbia*" (Feb. 24), wherein John Derbyshire reflects on the past record of NASA shuttle catastrophes (2 crashes in 113 flights). He says this indicates that the "odds of . . . an astronaut being killed are . . . around 2 percent," an incorrect use of the term "odds." What was ostensibly meant was that the *probability* is around 2 percent.

If nothing is done to reduce shuttle-flight hazards, about 2 percent will end as disasters. Riding a shuttle entails accepting the non-trivial probability of death, and that must be only one reason it is thrilling. It takes the right stuff to compartmentalize awareness of the past NASA crash rate and still work with a happy heart.

*James T. Lee, M.D.*
*St. Paul, Minn.*

JOHN DERBYSHIRE REPLIES: *Dr. Lee is quite correct. Further down in the same paragraph I underestimated the dangers of being an Air Force test pilot, and thus "hundreds" should read "dozens." I apologize for both errors.*

### KEEPING MUM

NR's For the Record (Feb. 24) quotes Nelson Mandela: "If there is a country that has committed unspeakable atrocities in the world, it is the United States of America."

Out of curiosity, if not distressed with patriotic shame, one might want to know what "atrocities" Mr. Mandela has in mind. But then, since they are "unspeakable," he would presumably be let off the hook if challenged for specifics!

*Thayer Smith, M.D.*
*Downey, Calif.*

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Kurt M. Landgraf,
President & CEO of
Educational Testing Service

*"We believe in the children of this great nation and their right to an excellent education."*

# No Child Left Behind: One Year Later

It has been just over a year since President Bush signed into law the No Child Left Behind Act, answering the question: Does the federal government have a significant role to play in K-12 education?

In enacting this landmark legislation, the Congress and the President answered it with passion and pragmatism. There has been bipartisan support to make the law a reality in every classroom in every county in America, based upon standards and accountability. Real progress is being made: five states have had their accountability plans approved and all 50 states have submitted their accountability plans on time. The U.S. Department of Education is conducting informal meetings with state representatives to consult with them.

So what can the rest of us do?

Here at Educational Testing Service our answer has been — and still is — quite a lot, actually.

Just recently, the New Jersey Department of Education awarded ETS a four-year, $35 million contract to oversee the development and administration of reading and math tests for more than 200,000 third- and fourth-grade students. The New Jersey contract is the third testing program ETS will manage to help states and territories comply with their requirements under the No Child Left Behind Act, after those in California and Puerto Rico. In addition, ETS is a test-development subcontractor for K-12 testing programs in Georgia and Florida. ETS looks forward to working with all of them to provide these assessments so that their children may continue to demonstrate their educational progress.

But ETS has done more than just win major testing contracts. With all the emphasis on testing in NCLB, many people have questions and concerns about the proper role of assessment in their schools. In the face of the very real need for information about standardized testing, it is clear that those of us who support standards-based reform, education accountability, and the use of standardized testing as one key element to achieve those objectives have to take our case to voters, taxpayers, opinion leaders, and public policymakers.

But, we also have to make an extra effort to reach out to teachers and parents, to answer their questions and listen to their concerns. The overarching goal is to increase people's understanding of testing and how it supports teaching and learning — to help the public make informed judgments about what is happening in our schools. Knowledge is the best conduit to accurate understanding.

ETS has a social responsibility to engage in this discussion and to inform people about testing, including its proper use and how we ensure that tests are fair. To stand passively on the sidelines is not an option.

We have initiated a special effort called "Log On, Let's Talk." Its purpose is to stress appropriate assessment use. It's about sharing, not spinning. It's about providing facts and insights from the worldwide leader in assessment.

ETS has been doing a lot to help American schools take advantage of the opportunity for education reform. We expect to do even more. We believe in the children of this great nation and their right to an excellent education.

**We invite you to continue this dialogue by sharing your thoughts and questions at www.ets.org/testing or by mail.**

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# for the record

*"Sometimes, looking back on my life, I think maybe I should have settled for second best."*

■ In ABC News/*Washington Post* poll, 60 percent approve of President **Bush**'s job performance, and 63 percent support military action against Iraq. . . . Bush at American Enterprise Institute: "We will remain in Iraq as long as necessary, and not a day more. America has made and kept this kind of commitment before—in the peace that followed a world war. After defeating enemies, we did not leave behind occupying armies, we left constitutions and parliaments. We established an atmosphere of safety, in which responsible, reform-minded local leaders could build lasting institutions of freedom." . . . **Bill Clinton** on **Saddam Hussein**, in 1998: "What if [Saddam] fails to comply and we fail to act, or we take some ambiguous third route, which gives him yet more opportunities to develop this program of weapons of mass destruction? . . . Well, he will conclude that the international community has lost its will. He will then conclude that he can go right on and do more to rebuild an arsenal of devastating destruction. And some day, some way, I guarantee you he'll use the arsenal." . . . Bush on judicial nominee **Miguel Estrada**: "I will stand by that man's side until he is sworn in." . . . "As the line in that old hymn says, when the roll is called up yonder on the president's tax cut, I will not be the only Democrat voting for it," says Sen. **Zell Miller** (D., Ga.). "I guarantee it."

■ According to *Salt Lake Tribune*, **Jimmy Carter** says "the great animosity toward the United States overseas is the result of America abandoning peace efforts in the Middle East." . . . Sen. **John McCain** (R., Ariz.) on *Sean Hannity Show*: "There was an unwritten custom which was honored by **Eisenhower**, **Truman**, you name them, that you kept your mouth shut about the conduct, particularly of national security affairs, by the people that succeeded you. That is obviously not honored by either former president Carter or former president Clinton. . . . I have two words: Shut up." . . . Sen. **Chuck Hagel** (R., Neb.): "I'm not sure at this stage if I am in the camp of the hawks or the doves. I prefer to be a wise old owl." . . . **Helen Thomas** of Hearst News Service on the Iraq war: "It would legitimize Pearl Harbor." . . . Sen. **Joe Biden** (D., Del.), in *Philadelphia Inquirer*: "If we treated the Muslim minority like the French do, we would be justifiably vilified in the whole world. So why is it that France gets no criticism in the Muslim world?"

■ Sen. **John Kerry** (D., Mass.) on Bush's handlers, in *Vogue*: "They put him in a brown jacket and jeans and get him to move some hay or drive a truck, and all of a sudden he's the Marlboro Man." . . . Former secretary of state **Alexander Haig**, on Fox News: "John Kerry also threw his medals over the White House wall during Vietnam, and he's now being described as a distinguished war hero. Not in my book." . . . Former governor **Howard Dean** (D., Vt.), in Salon.com: "I have in some ways a special relationship with the African-American community because of my college career." How? "I had two African-American roommates in college." . . . Rep. **Dennis Kucinich** (D., Ohio) announces presidential bid and abandons pro-life views: "The position I'm taking now is an expansion, not a reversal." . . . **Douglas Johnson** of National Right to Life Committee on Kucinich, in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*: "It's a flip-flop, and it's a pattern we've seen with a number of Democratic members of Congress when they decide they'd like to be president."

■ Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn): "Don't you agree with me that America would be in a lot better shape today had Al Gore and I gone into the White House in January of 2001?" . . . Gov. **Bill Richardson** (D., N.M.), in *Washington Times*: "Unless we get away from this class-warfare argument, we're going to lose. . . . Democrats have to stop this reflex opposition to tax cuts." . . . In Raleigh *News & Observer* poll of North Carolinians, 58 percent say they would vote to reelect Bush and 39 percent would vote for Sen. **John Edwards** (D., N.C.) if he were Democratic nominee. . . . In Public Policy Institute of California poll, 60 percent express disapproval of Gov. **Gray Davis** (D.), including 72 percent of likely voters.

■ Georgia conservatives search for alternative to pro-choice Rep. **Johnny Isakson** (R.) as Senate nominee in 2004. . . . **Ralph Reed** resigns as chairman of Georgia GOP. . . . Gov. **Bill Owens** (R., Colo.), in *Dallas Morning News*: "For the governors to blame [Bush] at a time of near war for not funneling more money to the states ignores fiscal reality." . . . Gov. **Jeb Bush** (R., Fla.) on presidential plans, in *Washington Post*: "It's weird, I never think about it."

■ Australian prime minister **John Howard**, in *Wall Street Journal*: "The failure of the U.N. to deal effectively with Iraq will have consequences for the world's dealings with North Korea. Can it seriously be suggested that the Security Council can discipline North Korea if it fails to discipline Iraq?" . . . China denies report in Japanese newspaper that it has tested ballistic missile with multiple warheads.

■ **Jay Leno**: "A group of liberal venture capitalists are getting together to start their own liberal radio network to counter conservative radio hosts like **Rush Limbaugh**. They feel the liberal viewpoint is not being heard—except on TV, in the movies, by comedians, on the radio. Other than that, the message isn't getting out." **NR**


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# FREE TRADE'S HIDDEN PRICE

The debate as to whether "free trade" or "protectionism" most benefits the people of the United States is resolved.

During the nearly two centuries that the United States defended its industries against predatory foreign trade practices and its workers against penny-wage foreign labor competition, the American economy grew vigorously, workers' income rose steadily, and US factories produced virtually everything needed for our national defense and that of our allies. In the process, America became the world's largest creditor.

In the two decades following the implementation of the Tokyo Round GATT Agreement, the United States shifted to a free trade agenda. The result has been an accelerating liquidation of the U.S. economy.

Where once the USA produced nearly all of the manufactured goods it consumed, it now imports more than half. Where once its domestic companies dominated industries such as consumer electronics, machine tools, apparel, textiles, shoes, steel, automobiles, fasteners, computers, among a host of others, the overwhelming majority of companies in those industries are now either crippled or on their way out of business. In the process, America quickly became the world's largest debtor.

The arithmetic of U.S. trade is brutal. Until 1981, our trade account was either close to balance or in surplus. Since 1982, the balance has been negative. Last year, the U.S. trade deficit was almost one-half trillion dollars. This is the largest, on-going, unilateral transfer of wealth in the history of the world.

The composition of this deficit is as important as its size. The major manufactured items that America imports are things such as cars, machinery, and electronics. The major, and few, sectors where we have a trade surplus are in things such as hides, raw agriculture, minerals and chemicals. The big exception is the export of aircraft and aircraft parts. But even in that sector, the subsidized and protected aircraft industries of Europe, Brazil, Japan and China are challenging Boeing, our one remaining major aircraft producer.

As U.S. trade data reveals, the profile of our goods-based trade is shifting from that of a major industrial power to one of an economic colony.

And more than manufacturing jobs are being lost under current free trade policies. Now, millions of high-paying service jobs are also being shifted abroad. In this so-called "Third Wave" of globalism, corporations are exporting their back office work - the jobs that constitute the backbone of most corporate headquarters, such as accounting, insurance, financing, engineering, design, computing, software development and architectural services.

As to the great trade debate between "free trade" and "protectionism," America accumulated great power and wealth when it defended its industries and workers.

But since the adoption of a "free trade" global strategy, America has been consuming its wealth and losing its best jobs and industries.

Which trade policy is best for America now? We think the answer is obvious.

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# THE WEEK

■ Michael Moore's *Stupid White Men* won Great Britain's Book of the Year prize, thus proving its point.

■ The arrest of Khalid Shaikh Mohammed in Pakistan was a blow to al-Qaeda. Mohammed, a high-level planner and coordinator, helped mastermind 9/11, the attack on the U.S.S. *Cole*, and the bombings of the American embassies in Kenya and Tanzania; he was at work on some other grand scheme, intimations of which caused the government to raise the country's alert level in February. Mohammed's captors—Pakistani intelligence, working with the FBI—also seized a mass of documents, computers, cell phones, and audiotapes that will provide many another lead. Mohammed's arrest shows that, whatever Maureen Dowd or Howard Dean says, the United States is capable of waging silent war against terrorists and conventional war against rogue states at the same time. It also shows that the two wars are integrally related: Imagine Saddam Hussein's anthrax falling into the hands of such a beauty. Those of Mohammed's comrades whom he does not rat out will continue to mount terror operations; but their goal of regional or worldwide destabilization will fail, because they are ultimately as desperate as they are wicked. After we have extracted all the useful information from Mohammed that we can, he faces a long-delayed appointment with justice.

■ We are starting almost to feel sorry for Dick Gephardt. The congressman has been a reliable ally of the labor unions for decades. He is calling for a global minimum wage, which should be music to the union leaders' ears (if to no one else's). But the unions are hanging back because they think he cannot win. And one reason they think this is that the wider Left is shunning Gephardt in favor of antiwar candidates such as Howard Dean and even Dennis Kucinich. Supporting Bush on Iraq may turn out to have been a major political mistake for Gephardt. If his campaign fizzles, it will be evidence that opposition to the war is now the Left's ruling passion.

■ Joe Lieberman has a problem. He's a pretty sensible guy, for a Democrat, and he supports Bush on the war—sort of. But, before red-hot Democratic audiences, he has to be a dope. So here's how he talks in front of the DNC: "By pulling out of the Kyoto global-warming treaty, arms-control treaties, and other international pacts, and by issuing an unnecessary and divisive policy of military preemption, George W. Bush has separated us from most of the rest of the world and weakened our alliances . . ." Oh? So Lieberman thinks that the United States should *enter* the Kyoto treaty? Let him, as president, deal with the economic wreckage. Does Lieberman *really* believe that Bush blundered in withdrawing from the ABM treaty, a straitjacket signed 30 years ago with a superpower that no longer exists? And does Lieberman now oppose a policy of preemption? He voted to give Bush the authority to confront Saddam Hussein. Does he truly believe that the U.S. should wait until Saddam strikes before removing him? Apparently, to campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination is to check your brain at the door.

*Khalid Shaikh Mohammed, the latest captured Qaeda big*

■ "Why not let this process continue to work instead of waging a war preemptively outside the purview of the United Nations?" "We are wrecking coalitions, relationships, and alliances so we can get a two-week start on going to war alone?" "We are making progress with Saddam." "America must balance its determination with patience and not be seen as in a rush to war." The first and third comments—made by Howard Dean—are the kind of thing that is earning him a reputation as a spokesman for the Democratic Left. The second and fourth comments—made

ROMAN GENN



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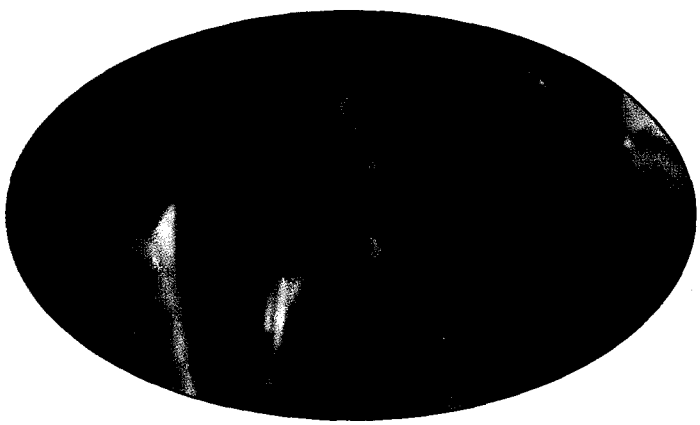
PARTNERSHIPS FOR A HEALTHIER WORLD

## Because medicines alone can't end a crisis.



In announcing his proposal for the Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief, President Bush declared, "This nation can lead the world in sparing innocent people from a plague of nature."

At Pfizer, we join the President in his efforts to solve this international crisis.

We believe the solution must involve innovative medicines as well as building a stronger public health infrastructure in developing countries.

To date, this is what we've already been able to accomplish through our partnerships:

**Medicine.** Working with the United Nations, the World Health Organization, governments, and nongovernmental organizations, Pfizer has made available more than 3 million doses of Diflucan,® our anti-fungal medicine, free of charge to low-income HIV/AIDS patients in 13 of the most afflicted, least-developed nations. Diflucan treats a number of fungal infections, including two opportunistic infections associated with HIV/AIDS–cryptococcal meningitis and esophageal candidiasis. Pfizer has been providing Diflucan to these nations since 2000, and our commitment has no dollar or time limits.

**Infrastructure.** The Diflucan Partnership has already trained more than 10,500 health professionals in 10 countries to diagnose opportunistic fungal infections. Pfizer is also working in partnership with the Academic Alliance for AIDS Care and Prevention, the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, and Makerere University to develop a treatment and training institute in Kampala, Uganda. This facility will train medical personnel from throughout Africa in the latest standards of HIV/AIDS care, and will directly address the continent's pressing need for skilled medical professionals.

These initiatives are just two examples of Pfizer's Partnerships for a Healthier World. We hope this partnership approach will become a model for cooperation among national governments, nongovernmental organizations, and private industry.

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# THE WEEK

by Sen. Chuck Hagel—are the kind of thing that is earning *him* a reputation as a thoughtful Republican. As far as we can tell, the only real difference in their positions is this: Dean hopes that liberals will remember his record on Iraq in 2004; Hagel hopes that conservatives will forget his in 2008.

■ Would Carol Moseley Braun's campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination cut into his support, the Rev. Al Sharpton was asked. He waved the question away with a question of his own: Would Joe Lieberman's campaign cut into his Jewish support? This is the big difference between Sharpton and every recent man of the Left, black or white: charm. Rev. Al can both laugh and make others laugh, often at himself. The bigot and the idealist are equally foreign to him; the man is a performer. This quality has been bewitching New York City journalists for 15 years; it is the reason why he keeps moving on, despite poisonous utterances and the disasters that often ensue. There is always a new audience, even though he died at Freddie's Fashion Mart.

**Toomey's fight is an uphill one, but he has won uphill fights before.**

If Republicans keep control of the Senate through the next elections, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee is slated to be Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania. Yes, the same Specter who voted against the confirmation of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court, and who now promises to demand that nominees to the court pledge their fealty to "diversity." The same Specter who tried to vote "not proven" in the impeachment trial of President Clinton. Who is a leading Senate champion of cloning. Who voted to weaken Bush's tax cut. But it could get even worse. If Specter wins reelection next year, it will probably be to his last term in the Senate: He'll be 80 by 2010. He will be free to indulge his liberal impulses without fearing the reaction of Pennsylvania Republicans. All the more reason for them to reject Specter for Pat Toomey, the conservative congressman who has just announced that he will mount a primary challenge. Toomey's fight is an uphill one, but he has won uphill fights before. He ran for reelection on a platform of Social Security reform—and won, in an iffy district. The Club for Growth is giving Toomey some of the money he will need to get his message out to Republican primary voters. Specter routinely loses a third of the primary vote even when he doesn't face a serious challenger. If conservatives in Pennsylvania and across the country rally behind Toomey, he can win this race.

■ The weeks come and go, and still there's no end to the Democratic filibuster of the appeals-court nomination of Miguel Estrada. And with each passing day, Democrats reveal the essential dishonesty of their opposition. For weeks they claimed they could not support Estrada because he had not answered questions about his legal views. Then the White House gave them an offer: Send in written questions about anything you want, and Estrada will answer them within a couple of days. And what happened then? Not a single Democratic senator—even those who had complained most loudly about unanswered questions—bothered to ask Estrada a single question. Excuse our cynicism, but might that suggest Democrats have all along been involved in a crass political ploy? Republicans have been right to stand up to the filibuster, and should keep fighting. Even if the nomination ultimately fails, the GOP will likely win in the long run if Republicans can, as they did in 2002, make Democrats pay a political price for their obstructionism.

■ New York State's Liberal party took down its shingle after almost 60 years. New York's ballot laws, which allow cross-endorsements, are particularly hospitable to third parties. The Liberals came into being to allow leftists who were not dogmatic Communists or Socialists to vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt without voting for the Democrats, the party of Tammany Hall and the Roman Catholic Church. The Liberals tugged the entire political spectrum to the left (Republicans like Sen. Jacob Javits sought their support), prompting the formation of the Conservative party as a counterweight. Over time, the Liberals became a patronage operation, bartering their line in exchange for jobs for party chief Raymond Harding and his family. In 2002, the Liberal candidate for governor—Andrew Cuomo, son of Mario, who pulled out of the Democratic primary in the home stretch—failed to win 50,000 votes, the minimum needed to guarantee an automatic ballot line. Long shorn of principle, the Liberals chose not to try to regain their position by collecting petitions (who would sign them?). New York's Conservative party, now in bed with the not-very-conservative Gov. George Pataki, must take care not to suffer the same fate.

■ The Bush administration finally unveiled its big Medicare proposal. Most Democrats immediately accused Bush of trying to "privatize" the program. But that's true only if the health benefits that the federal government provides to Congress and all federal employees are "privatized" too. Bush's Medicare reform is based on the federal employees' program, in which many health plans compete to get beneficiaries to sign up. Under his plan, the federal government would give some prescription-drug coverage to all seniors. But the best coverage would be available through these competing health plans, not the traditional (and costly) Medicare bureaucracy. That's not social Darwinism, red in tooth and claw. But Democrats have a lot riding on pretending that it is. We suspect the hysterical rhetoric is only beginning.

■ Republican governors have been increasingly dissatisfied with the National Governors Association. They send their

MARK WILSON/GETTY


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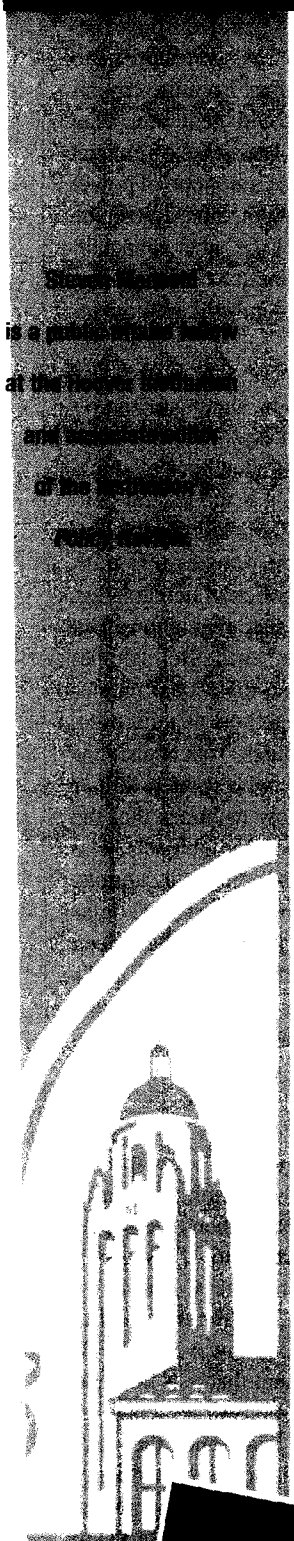
# n of Expression 101



Paid for by the Hoover institution, Stanford University.

In Martin Kramer's *Ivory Towers on Sand: The Failure of Middle Eastern Studies in America,* he chronicles the scandal of U.S. government-sponsored centers of Middle East studies. For decades, these centers have trafficked in anti-Americanism and discounted the threat of Islamist terrorism. **The federal investment in such academic research has fostered a deliberate misunderstanding of the Middle East and promoted ideological interests at odds with American security.** Last September, the Middle East Forum, the think tank that publishes Kramer's *Middle East Quarterly,* launched a web site to document the crisis in Middle East studies and to promote honest scholarship.

Many academics can't stomach such scrutiny. Shortly after the forum's web site appeared, Middle East studies scholars began decrying it as a "McCarthy-style campaign" and a "gross attack on the freedom of expression." The Middle East Forum, they argued, threatens academic freedom. Such charges were especially bizarre coming from the postcolonial theorists, who have even invented their own slur, "Orientalism," to dismiss the work of scholars who disagree with their theories—and to intimidate Western academics into accepting any criticism of Islamic society as tantamount to bigotry.

Indeed, after September 11, 2001, rhetoric emanating from the academy ranged from the peculiar ("Towers are symbols of phallic power," explained one linguistics professor) to the outrageous (Terrorism's "ultimate cause is the fascism of U.S. foreign policy over the past many decades," insisted a professor of English). But when the American Council of Trustees and Alumni (ACTA), another prominent group interested in promoting quality scholarship, published a study on such responses, they, too, were greeted as McCarthyites.

Both ACTA and the Middle East Forum acknowledge scholars' rights to free expression, merely reserving for themselves the right to question and criticize. Surely such debate is supportive of the academic enterprise; any institution committed to truth and open inquiry should not excuse its faculty from having to defend their arguments.

A large segment of academe, however, does not believe disinterested scholarship is even possible. Any claim of "truth," it says, is inevitably a product of some parochial viewpoint or political interest. "Objective" truth doesn't exist; history consists of disparate "narratives," all equally legitimate.

In such an environment, there is no possibility of debate because there is no independent standard by which to judge arguments. There is no difference between disagreement and censorship; all one can do is insist on one's own narrative and suppress opposing views.

One naturally wonders how academics who spend their time obsessively trolling others' scholarship for evidence of racism, sexism, or homophobia can suddenly be outraged when their own work is cited for anti-Semitism or a "blame America first" mentality. Yet it is clear that **many intellectuals invoke "academic freedom" not to protect the ideal of disinterested inquiry but to shield their own ideological agendas from public scrutiny.**

When professors attack their critics as McCarthyites, it is they who are trying to silence dissent through intimidation. Today, when ideas can have especially threatening consequences—our most potent enemy in the war on terror is itself an ideology— we should not let anyone squelch open debate.

*— Steven Menashi*

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# THE WEEK

states' tax dollars to the organization, and in return they get liberal staffers, and liberal advocacy, in Washington. Two states with Republican governors—Texas and Hawaii—have left the NGA. When the NGA staff proposed that the organization go on record opposing President Bush's tax cuts, several Republican governors threatened to join the exodus. The new chairman of the organization, Republican governor Dirk Kempthorne of Idaho, got them to stay by promising reform. The angry governors were right the first time. In a few months' time, any Republican governor's departure will be treated as a vote of no confidence in Kempthorne. No Republican governor will want to embrace that implication. Conservative governors will soon lose their leverage. The time to leave is now.

■ In 2001, the House voted overwhelmingly to ban all forms of human cloning. But supporters of research cloning managed to block Senate action. In the following two years, biotech firms and patients' advocacy groups have been energetically making the case for research cloning. They have also been actively spreading disinformation, for instance denying that a cloned embryo is an embryo. Opponents therefore worried that their position in the House would erode. In late February, however, the House voted again and the line held. Adjusting for some absentees, it appears that support for a comprehensive ban has diminished by only around 10 votes. There are still over 250 congressmen willing to ban cloning. Now the question is whether Bill Frist's Senate will take more action than Tom Daschle's did. A ban, or at least a moratorium, can pass—if Frist makes it a priority.

■ Last summer, two federal judges in California ruled that it was unconstitutional for public-school classes to recite the Pledge of Allegiance, with its declaration that America is a "nation under God." The entire political world denounced these judges and treated them as isolated lunatics. But if the truth were that simple, the other judges in the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals would have overturned the aberrant decision. They have just declined to do so. Over the last 50 years, meddling by the federal judiciary in church-state relations has become routine. The pledge decision cannot easily be separated from existing jurisprudence. The Supreme Court may yet step in to overrule the decision—saving their doctrines from the embarrassment that taking them seriously would generate. That would be an acceptable answer to one isolated case of judicial folly. But our real problem is the prolonged usurpation of power by one branch of the federal government, and it can be answered only by the corrective action of the other branches. Congress should remove the constitutionality of the pledge from the jurisdiction of the federal courts—and strike a blow for self-government.

■ The federal government was created, in no small part, to prevent conflicting state regulations from stifling interstate commerce. The telecommunications industry is a textbook example of such commerce. If it is to be regulated, it is the federal government, not the states, that should take the leading role. The Federal Communications Commission recognizes this truth only dimly. It wisely imposed a national policy of deregulation on broadband communications, blocking state regulations. But it failed to resolve another key issue: whether the Bell companies should continue to be forced to lease their local phone-service networks to AT&T and other competitors at a discount. The commission kicked that issue to the states. That decision is a loss for FCC chairman Michael Powell, who wanted further deregulation but got out-voted, and a blow to hopes that the telecom sector would soon revive. It is a win for lobbyists, who will have more work as the action moves to 50 state capitols. Finally, it should be a black mark for a few conservative organizations. These groups, never before known for their deep interest in telecom matters, suddenly started echoing AT&T's perspective. The Left likes to claim that conservative groups are really corporate shills and that their support for free markets is just pious rhetoric. Usually that charge is false. But sadly, it is not always false.

■ Ever since Sami al-Arian lost his job as a computer-engineering professor at the University of South Florida in 2001, he's been a poster boy for those who fashion themselves holdouts against anti-Arab neo-McCarthyism. This group includes the Arab American Institute, the Council on American-Islamic Relations, and the *New York Times*—in other words, the usual suspects. On February 20, however, the FBI arrested al-Arian and unveiled an indictment that lists him and seven others on 50 counts of terrorism-conspiracy charges. Relying on taped phone calls, intercepted faxes, and other documents, the indictment shows that al-Arian was deeply involved in the activities of Palestinian Islamic Jihad, a terrorist group. In 1995, for instance, he drafted a press release for PIJ in which the organization took credit for a suicide bombing in Israel that murdered eight people, including a 20-year-old American woman. The indictment continues in this vein for some 120 pages; the number of allegations connecting al-Arian to international terrorism is both impressive and jarring. His defenders have yet to address them, except to say they are phony. His lawyers won't have the same option.

■ Some of those who volunteered to serve as "human shields"

## THE BUBBLE MASTER

*Alan Greenspan, he who rode*
*Dot-coms like an owlish toad*
*Till they blew up in his face,*
*Tells us real estate's a place*
*That's as safe as mother's womb:*
*If you buy this though, va-VOOM!*
*Fido's house sells for 10K,*
*You can be queen for a day.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

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# THE WEEK

in the event of a U.S. assault on Iraq have had second thoughts. Out of a British contingent of eleven, nine have now returned to their homeland. They had found, to their dismay, that the Iraqis were not content for them to position themselves at hospitals, schools, and baby-food factories. What Saddam Hussein's people had in mind was more along the lines of power stations, oil refineries, and strategically crucial highways. One of the power plants specified stands immediately next to an army base. On his way back to Blighty, a volunteer admitted that he was leaving out of "cold fear." Perhaps the realization is sinking in that human beings do not, in point of fact, make very good shields. That, after all, is why our remote ancestors invented shields.

■ Turkey's parliament voted against allowing American troops to use Turkey as a base for invading Iraq from the north. A plurality of legislators—264 to 251—actually approved the measure, but since there were 19 abstentions, the vote fell short of the majority required by Turkish law. Numerous factors were at play. Turkey is ruled by the four-month-old government of a moderate Islamic party. Polls show Turkish sentiment solidly against a war with Iraq, although the same polls also show that if a war begins most Turks would support the United States. Some legislators voted against the measure in order to bring the government down; others resisted America's simultaneous—and misguided—insistence that Turkey comply with the terms of a loan from the International Monetary Fund. The vote reflects the jitters that precede action, and is a consequence of our long build-up: If leaders do not seem to be leading, followers will not lead for them.

■ One of the saddest and most outrageous phenomena of the antiwar campaign—open or stealth—has been the continuing denigration by liberals of Eastern European governments. Those governments have been defiantly supportive of Bush, and therefore they must be run down. Robert Scheer sneered at them as nations "you can buy on eBay." Maureen Dowd devoted an entire column to mocking Bulgaria. Mark Shields said, sarcastically, "Everyone's feeling better: Albania signed on." Well, *we're* feeling better. The Eastern Europeans have had very recent experience of oppression, brutalization, and appeasement, and they know a thing or two about confronting evil in the world. In addition, they know a thing or two about helping people who can't help themselves. May we add, just as a bonus, that Albania is a majority-Muslim country?

■ Comparisons of our erstwhile European allies to weasels have been plentiful in recent months, and in its February 14 cover photo, the *New York Post* memorably grafted weasel heads onto the bodies of two U.N. delegates. But now the pejorative is drawing fire from enthusiasts who point out that to compare the French and Germans to weasels is, well, unfair to weasels. *Mustela nivalis*, PETA president Ingrid Newkirk explains, are actually "fierce warriors, Rambo types." We offer sincere apologies to *mustelae nivales* everywhere. Surely world events have made clear that, of all God's creatures, the only ones so lowly as to merit comparison to the French and Germans are the Belgians.

■ The recent movie *The Pianist* has been a great critical success for its director, Roman Polanski. It has been nominated for an Academy award, and has already received the British equivalent twice over, for best film and best director. Polanski did not leave his villa on the island of Ibiza for the British presentation, though, and he is not likely to show up at the Oscars, either. Polanski fled the U.S. in 1978 while awaiting sentencing after pleading guilty to statutory rape. He had plied a 13-year-old girl with champagne and drugs, then assaulted her in the hot tub at Jack Nicholson's house. (Nicholson was away.) The Los Angeles D.A.'s office has confirmed that Polanski will be arrested if he enters the country. A lot of people feel that Polanski, whose mother died at Auschwitz and whose wife was murdered by the Charles Manson gang when eight months pregnant, should be cut some slack, and allowed back into the U.S. without fear of prosecution. His crime was an egregious one, though, even by Hollywood standards, and Polanski seems to be living very well in Europe. There is no case for a statute of limitations here.

■ Up in Maine, some local residents may be pacifists, but they don't mind taking a courageous stand against the area's most bloodthirsty warmongers—such as, for instance, the elementary- and middle-school-aged children of members of the Maine National Guard. The *Washington Times* reports that over 30 complaints have been lodged with National Guard officials naming teachers, principals, and guidance counselors for telling military children that their parents are unethical and are participating in an unethical war. At family-assistance-center briefings, Maj. Peter Rogers explained, "a number of families came forward and talked about their children coming home upset, depressed, crying." Commissioner of education J. Duke Albanese and governor John Baldacci have called for greater "sensitivity." The victims of this harassment have been as young as seven. We could think of better words than "insensitive" to describe the teachers harassing them.

■ "Ku Klux Klan Supports All-Male Masters Golf Club," shrieked the headline in the *New York Times*. The following day: "Augusta National Gets Support of Klan." Augusta National, a private golf club that hosts the Masters tournament each year, is unwilling to succumb to pressure to admit a female member until it is ready. This attitude is, of course, just the merest step away from cross-burning and lynching. As Martha Burk, the principal agitator against Augusta, says: "The club embraces and flaunts discrimination." The Associated Press characterized her view thusly: "The club and the Klan deserve one another." On close inquiry, it turns out that this all arose when one Joseph J. Harper applied for a permit to demonstrate his support for the club at this April's Masters. Harper advertises himself as an imperial wizard of the KKK. It appears, however, that he represents no one but himself. He fell out with the national Klan some time ago to form his own group—which, so far as the *Times* could ascertain, has a membership of one. So those headlines are . . . misleading, then? Perish the thought!


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■ Last fall, composer Mike Batt agreed to pay a six-figure sum for violating the copyright on John Cage's infamously music-free composition *4'33"* with a silent work of his own, *A One-Minute Silence*. Now an irrepressible body called the John Cage Project is staging a performance of Cage's *As Slow As Possible*, which should normally last about 20 minutes. But the Project is taking the title as literally as possible. Eighteen months were devoted to inflating the bellows on an organ in Halberstadt, Germany; the first chord, which was struck on February 5, is expected to last for a year and a half. "I am 57 years old," organizer Michael Betzle told the BBC. "I have to accept the distinct possibility that I shall die before the concert is over." An intermission is scheduled for 2319, and the performance should conclude in 2640. God help us—or rather, our descendants—if there's an encore.

■ Sacha Baron Cohen is a white, British-Jewish comedian who has made a nice living by dressing up as a "hip-hop journalist" (lurid yellow running suit, wraparound sunglasses, knitted hat) named Ali G. In this persona, Cohen dupes important people into appearing on TV with him in an interview format, where he asks them silly questions phrased in low street slang. This act has been so successful in Britain that celebrities there are no longer taken in by Cohen's requests for "interviews." He has therefore brought it to the U.S.A., where it began airing on HBO this February. Among those reeled in so far: Newt Gingrich, Michael Dukakis, Ralph Nader, James Baker, Ed Meese, Brent Scowcroft, Buzz Aldrin (who was asked: "What's it like to walk on the sun?"), and former U.N. secretary-general Boutros Boutros-Ghali ("What's da funniest language, mon? French, right?"). If you think that the Great and the Good can do with a little deflating now and then, you will be tickled. Not all those suckered by Mr. Cohen were good-natured about the thing, of course. Ralph Nader is fuming, and talking about a lawsuit. Who would have thought *Ralph Nader* took himself so seriously?

■ You would think that anyone connected with a venerable and dignified institution such as Yale would be disgusted at the very idea of having Amiri Baraka on the premises. But not assistant dean Pamela George, not the Black Student Alliance, and not the Afro-American Cultural Center. Baraka speaks of "Jewboys" and "whitey," and writes that Israel was complicit in 9/11, tipping off Jews to avoid the buildings. Once, when a white woman asked him how she could help the civil rights movement, he replied, "You can help by dying." The Al Sharpton of American letters, he is distinguished only in the realm of the proper noun. He used to be "LeRoi Jones" and is now "Amiri Baraka": Three of his four names are ridiculous. It would have been appropriate for him to bring a rubber nose and green hair to Black History Month at Yale. Still, in its own way, this all might have been Lux et Veritas.

■ It was easy for grown-ups to snicker—kindly, to be sure—at Fred Rogers, who died on February 27 at age 74. His long-running children's program *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* was always an exceedingly mild show. Its sensibility was best symbolized by the soft-shouldered cardigan and sneakers Mister Rogers put on at the beginning of each broadcast, as he welcomed viewers into his living room with the familiar song, inviting children to be his neighbor. But *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* was not for grownups. It was geared to the level of very young children—six-year-olds were beyond his demographic—whose emotional life Rogers, a Presbyterian minister, understood like no one else on television. He believed that children's innocence was something that should be respected and guarded, which is one reason he never cashed in on the love and trust children gave him. Even so, he did not shield kids from the harsh realities many of them had to live with. He talked about divorce, war, disease, and poverty, but he did so with a quiet voice and a gentle manner that let children know that these things were not their fault, and that they could be gotten through, and everything would be okay. Near the end of his life, Rogers talked of a woman who told him that amid the chaos and pain of her abuse-filled childhood, watching *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* was the only time she felt safe and loved. That's the kind of gift Fred Rogers gave to generations of American children. His was a good, an honorable life, even, in its way, a heroic one. R.I.P.

■ Italo Andrew Rader was the size of a linebacker, but everybody called him "Tiny." He was a big man with big ideas—and conservatives owe him an enormous debt for helping to turn the Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation into one of the most important philanthropies in the country. Its successes have been legion. School choice would not have achieved national prominence without the Bradley Foundation's investment of millions in a Milwaukee pilot program, which thrives today. Welfare reform also owes much to Bradley for its support of various innovations. With the John M. Olin Foundation preparing to spend its final assets, the conservative movement will become even more dependent on the organization Rader built and led as chairman of the board for 15 years. He died on February 18, at the age of 88. R.I.P.

**AT WAR**

# After

When Charles X, the last Bourbon king of France, was faced with the revolution that would topple him, he declared that he saw no alternative to the throne but the scaffold. Talleyrand, the aged diplomat, told him, "Your majesty forgets the post-chaise"—a carriage-ride to exile. At an early March meeting of the Arab League, some of the attendees offered Talleyrand's advice to Saddam Hussein, whose flunkeys indignantly rejected it. Unless he changes his mind, he will face the scaffold of the battlefield.

The broad outlines of America's war strategy, discussed by Thomas E. Ricks of the *Washington Post* and others, seem clear. Precision-guided weapons, which have become more precise since the Gulf War, will be directed against the regime's arsenal and its hierarchy. (No bombing is precise enough to spare civilian casualties, and anti-American media, from CNN International to al-Jazeera, will feast on the innocents who suffer.)


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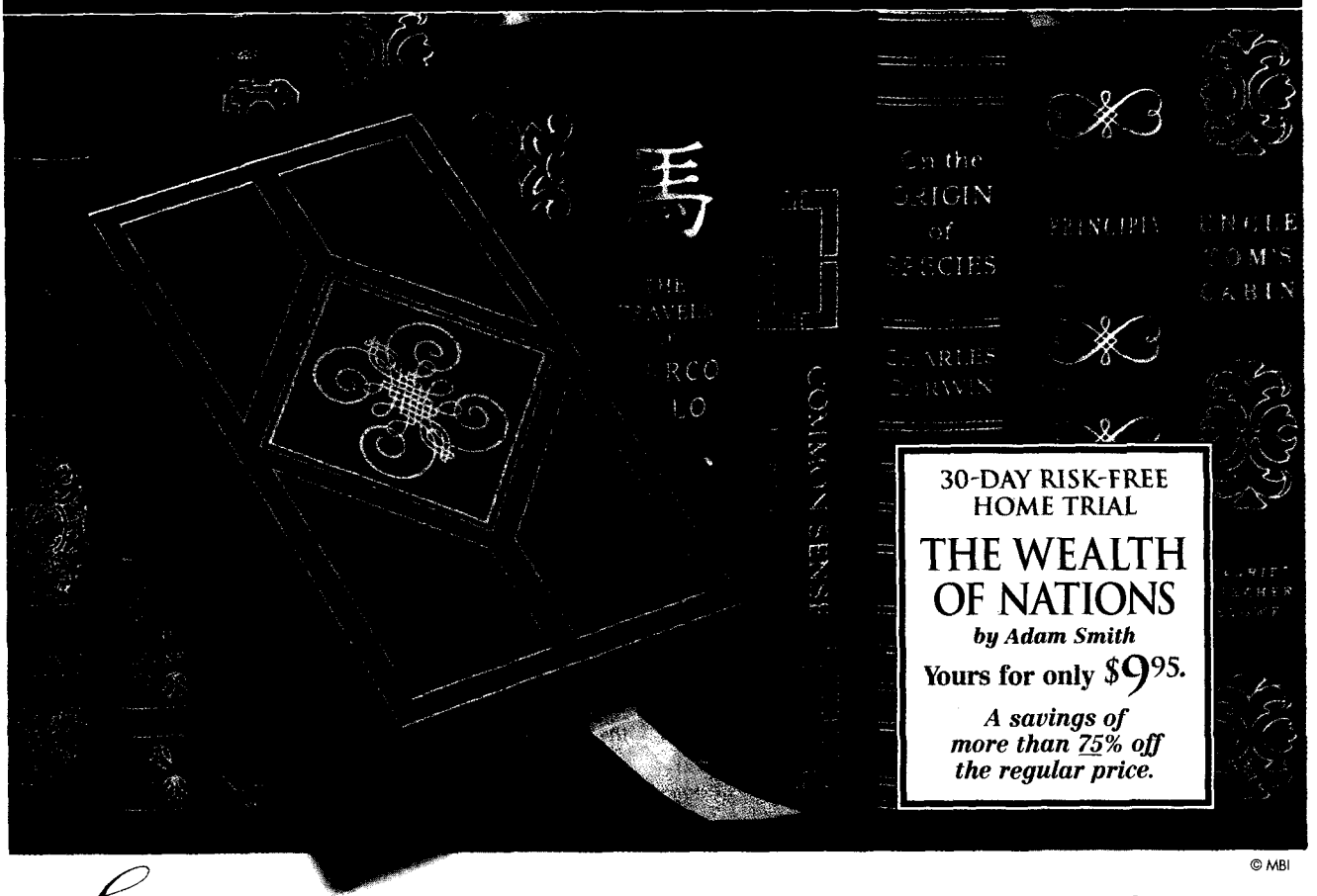


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# THE WEEK

But bombing will be less important than it was in the Gulf War because the lessons of rapid deployment, led by on-the-ground spotters, learned in the Afghan war, will be used as well, in multiple pushes from the south and the north. The non-cooperation of Turkey would complicate the picture, without altering it: Troops would then have to be airlifted into the Kurdish north from farther away and at a slower rate. American and British special forces were already in Iraq in the first week of March, laying the groundwork. All war is uncertain. But this Gulf War could be shorter than the first.

The latest antiwar argument to be floated is the price tag. The Pentagon has been scuffling publicly over estimates ranging from $60 billion to $95 billion. War always runs up debt. The relevant counter-question is, What is the cost of inaction? New York City asked for $20 billion of federal aid after losing the World Trade Center. What would New York, or Washington, or Los Angeles, need after a dirty-bomb blast, courtesy of Saddam and al-Qaeda?

Since the goal of a second Gulf War would be regime change, the peace will be more complicated. Deputy defense secretary Paul Wolfowitz assured Iraqi exiles in Dearborn, Mich., that we would not replace "one dictator with another." In his speech to the American Enterprise Institute, President Bush repeated the pledge: "All Iraqis must have a voice in the new government, and all citizens must have their rights protected."

*The latest antiwar argument to be floated is the price tag. War always runs up debt. The relevant counter-question is, What is the cost of inaction?*

How are those rights to be secured? A number of unattractive options present themselves. An American military government, with Gen. Tommy Franks as Douglas MacArthur, could be a magnet for terrorism, provocation, and storms of whipped-up nationalism. A U.N. peacekeeping force would be far worse. Imagine turning Iraq over to a gaggle of Libyans, Chinese, and Frenchmen. The organization that bungled the task of disarming Saddam cannot be allowed to sabotage the recovery from his brutality.

An Allied Control Commission, consisting of representatives of Iraq's liberators—America, Britain, etc.—and free Iraqis should arrest Saddam's criminal henchmen, establish just courts, and provide for local elections to a convention that would propose the structure of a new Iraqi state. Once elections for that government were held, it should depart.

Who are the free Iraqis? A meeting of Iraqi dissidents in the Kurdish enclave, attended by Zalmay Khalilzad, the Bush administration's special envoy, picked a committee of six, consisting of Ahmad Chalabi, chairman of the Iraqi National Congress, two Kurds, two Sunnis, and one Shiite. The Sunnis belong to a minority group that currently rules the country, in the sense that Saddam is a Sunni. They will have to be wooed. The largest organized Shiite groups are backed by Iran. They will be a source of trouble, since Teheran itself is an anti-American terrorist regime.

The problems will be complex. Even with success in Iraq, it is visionary to expect that a wave of democracy will sweep the Middle East: So many oligarchs, and so many passions, stand in the way. But a reasonably free Iraq will stop being a danger to us, and to civilization. It will offer a model to those who wish one. And it will be a blessing to Iraq's long-suffering people.

**NEW YORK CITY**

# Way Up in the Sky

THE lead sentence of a front-page *New York Times* story on February 28 spoke of a "solemn memorial pit" and "soaring gardens in the sky"—the two most striking features of Daniel Libeskind's design for rebuilding the World Trade Center site, as he submitted it last December. The final version of Libeskind's proposal—which won the competition—cuts out the sky gardens, which is a shame; it was one reason so many people were drawn to this design.

Last May I published my own proposals in NR. A "solemn memorial pit" and a "soaring garden in sky" were two of my big selling points. Libeskind didn't get his ideas from me; the latest surveys suggest that exactly one licensed architect in the country reads NR, and I'm married to her. And in any case, Libeskind's realizations are different from mine. Nonetheless, there is a moral to this story.

In May '02, I wrote that

> Major skyscrapers ought to provide public spaces all the way up . . . A restaurant, shopping mall, or garden could be strung out vertically along the whole length of the shaft . . . In the post-war era, Manhattan made zoning concessions in return for outdoor public plazas. Today we need more public space *inside* our towers, at every level.

In his December '02 submission, Libeskind obliged. His plan was dominated by a soaring, pointy glass shaft, housing what he called a "vertical world garden"; his renderings showed gardens strung out vertically along the whole length of the shaft.

A 9/11 memorial, everyone agreed, had to be part of the new building. My idea was that

> Walking closer you would find stairs leading down into this void, beckoning you into the region directly beneath the building . . . [T]his would be a good place for a memorial to the 9/11 dead. . . . Although the space itself might be shadowy . . . I might look up to discover an illuminated interior dome, tiled in something like natural mica.

My (single) tower was built right over the old WTC foundations, and so my memorial—a basement closed on top but open to the sky on all sides, except for piers at the corners—occupied the old WTC foundations. Libeskind puts his memorial in exactly the same place: "We have to be able to enter this hallowed, sacred ground," he has written, "while creating a quiet, meditative and spiritual space. We need to journey down, some 70 feet into Ground Zero . . ." His memorial focuses on the sur-


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viving foundation walls. His new towers are off to the side; the sunken memorial is (evidently) an open plaza.

I like Libeskind's ideas, but I like mine better. It is symbolically wrong to let terrorists push our buildings aside. The new structures ought to stand defiantly just where the old ones stood—and let memorial-goers sense their oppressive weight overhead.

I prefer my proposals in other ways too, but that's not surprising; even *theoretical* architects (like me) are egomaniacs. Still: The winning entry is fine, and I congratulate Mr. Libeskind.

What to conclude? Add my piece to hundreds of others by all sorts of artists, critics, and thinkers in this magazine and its intellectual friends and descendants, and you discover something interesting. Nowadays, the country's best art-writing is a near-monopoly of the Right. True, only the *New York Times* has the resources to cover the city's daily art scene in depth—but even that is likely to change, courtesy of a new electronic news daily (my guess is) that will redefine "electronic newspaper." That's only a guess, but the real news is this: To find out what's been happening in the art-and-ideas world, read the *Times*. To find out what's *going* to happen, may I recommend NATIONAL REVIEW?

—DAVID GELERNTER

# notes & asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: For quite a while during 2002 you had a discussion going on as to how to have the various diacritics print out properly on a computer.

Instead of having to use particular computer codes for everything, there is a very simple way to access the characters built in to every True-Type font. It's called the U.S.-International keyboard.

For Windows, one opens the control panel and clicks on the keyboard icon. Click on the Language tab. Click on the Language Properties tab, which should display the Keyboard Layout list. Chose U.S.-International. Click on OK to close the Language Properties box. Click on OK to close the Keyboard Layout box. You might have to insert your Windows CD-ROM; the required program might already be loaded.

Then you get all sorts of extra things accessible by using the right Alt key: every diacritical mark used in Western Europe, the euro symbol, the copyright symbol, etc. No need to figure out codes.

Alas, it doesn't work for Hungarian, but you can add the Hungarian keyboard from the same program (Russian, Serbian, Polish, etc.) and work all the languages of Eastern Europe too. True-Type has all that sort of stuff built in.

*Ad astra per aspera!*

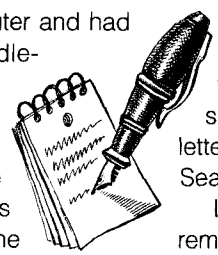
Robert W. Hutton
(a subscriber since the 1950s)
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Mr. Hutton: On behalf of everybody, I thank you.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Many years ago, when you first asked for a solution to the interruption caused by the Shift key, I abstained from answering because I thought you would be flooded with proposals. This time, since you repeat the request, I cannot resist the temptation.

Around 1987–89, for $25 (cheap ones, Canadian), I fixed my Atari computer so as to activate the Shift command and two others without having to push the keys with my fingers. A friend gave me a foot pedal, used for band recordings. The pedal was connected to the back of the computer and had three positions. The middle-main one activated Shift. Pushing it left you got Control, pushing right you got Alt. This way the motion-flow of my fingers was not interrupted by the necessity of using double-combination keys on the keyboard.



If you are interested, I could dig out the pedal from the garage, and even the old computer.

Finally, as a Romanian, I got an extra kick. In Romanian slang, to write with your feet means to write badly. I hope I turned this saying upside-down. A gentleman named Kevin Lynch even approved one of my articles, which was about Harriman, for publication in NR, but it was later rejected.

Best from an admirer (not fan; fans are noisy),

Sergiu Farcasan (born 1924)
Saskatoon, Canada

Dear Mr. Farcasan: No, no, that is Rube Goldberg, having also to use your feet. My feet, when I type, are often parked on a chair. But thanks anyway.

I have another problem which maybe you would tackle. My keyboards' space keys are woefully insensitive. It is fairer to say, I suppose, that my thumb doesn't come down hard enough. But the result is that Iamalwayshavingto correct in order to insert a space. Question: Is there a way to sensitize that space bar? Or to raise its level? Advise.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Having been in mourning since reading the final Florence King column, my spirits were raised when I read her letter (Dec. 9) stating she is moving to Seattle.

I may have a chance to see her! I remember your saying you had never seen her, so what are my chances? How will I recognize her, since the only photo I have is from a 1989 book jacket?

Carol Thixton
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Ms. Thixton: When Miss King arrives in Seattle, we will arrange for a dirigible overhead. She promises to supply coordinates.

Cordially,

—WFB



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■ AT WAR ■

# The Rise and *Fahl* of Saddam

## Getting into the Supreme Leader's mind

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

In the recent history of Iraq, each ruler has been butchered by his successor, who himself has been butchered in turn. The one exception is Saddam Hussein, strangely enough, who spared the life of his predecessor and patron Ahmad al-Bakr, though he quickly made sure to murder all those among Bakr's associates who might have emerged as possible rivals, just in case anyone mistook him for soft-hearted. Current reports out of Baghdad cannot be trusted, but according to one plausible item, Saddam has placed under house arrest his defense minister, Lt. Gen. Sultan Hashim Ahmad al-Jabburi Tai. General Tai's daughter is married to Qusay, Saddam's hateful younger son and putative heir. Some crony like the general could hope to ingratiate himself with President Bush by the timely murder of Saddam.

An alternative prospect that American forces will kill or capture him seems not to worry Saddam unduly; he has been here before, in 1991, and lived to fight ever since. As he presents it, that earlier Gulf War was a genuine victory, which he continues to celebrate in his speeches and in monumental statuary. All it cost him, as Supreme Leader and Father of Iraq, was the lives of tens of thousands of his nameless soldiers. Portraits of him in many glorious poses adorn the walls of Iraq, and passing Western journalists are busy finding Iraqis praising the very man who terrifies them, and has brought them to ruin.

Saddam has initiated international havoc of a magnitude not experienced since the age of Hitler and Stalin. The major powers are now at loggerheads. Countries in between, like Turkey, are confused. NATO is crippled, and the United Nations is staging a Babes-in-the-Wood pantomime of poor Hans Blix and his band of inspectors. The peace demonstrations are evidence to Saddam that any attack on Iraq will precipitate political upheavals throughout the Western and Muslim worlds, and he manipulates them with great craft. Do Bush and Blair really have the stomach to go through with a military campaign? Will Saudi Crown Prince Abdullah and Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak really be able to sit it out on the sidelines, rather than join their Arab brethren in Iraq? Besides, the Americans can lay hands on al-Qaeda's Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, but where are Osama bin Laden and Mullah Omar? *Ahlan wasalhan*, or "Welcome!" is the flourish with which Arabs greet all comers. It is both a greeting and a defiance. Saddam is daring his opponents to do their worst.

In his television interview with Dan Rather, Saddam said that he would indeed sooner die than go into exile. He declared himself a proud Iraqi. "We will die here. We will die in this country and we will maintain our honor, the honor that is required, in front of our people." Unlike his shameless opponents, what he felt was "respect" for people everywhere.

The man's air of gravity, and the lordly way he smokes a cigar as he preens himself on Iraqi television, prompts curiosity about what can really be going on in his head. He has no sustained firsthand experience of the West, and he has spent very few days outside Iraq these past 25 years. Informed commentators are more or less unanimous that he bases his political judgments on what he learns from only two sources, his intelligence services and the Western television he watches. The information available to him is therefore skewed and limited. He is weighing developments and options from the perspective of a man who came up the truly hard way, from the sub-branch of a minor tribe in a smallish town in the provincial Iraq of 60 years ago.

Dr. Jerrold Post of George Washington University had a career in the CIA, during which he more or less invented the field of "political psychology." This involves assembling all possible facts from the

ROMAN GENN

**Mr. Pryce-Jones is an NR senior editor. Among his books is *The Closed Circle: An Interpretation of the Arabs*.**



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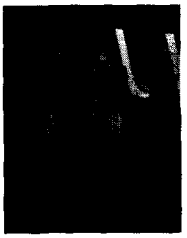

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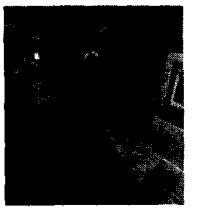

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background of some leader or politician in order to be able to predict his likely behavior. Something of an exercise in neo-Freudianism, the science is imperfect, and made far harder in this instance because Saddam has constructed a heroic biography for himself as orphan, victim, runaway, killer taking revenge on those who did him wrong (as well as on those who did him no wrong), and finally Supreme Leader of his country. Post regards Saddam as rational, but driven to miscalculate through narrowness of experience. Two other leading Saddam specialists are Prof. Amatzia Baram of Haifa University and Kenneth M. Pollack, a National Security Council staffer with responsibility for Iraq in the Clinton administration and author of *The Threatening Storm*, and both concur that Saddam doesn't appreciate how he is risking danger on a scale that may rightly be called suicidal. Amir Taheri, formerly editor of an Iranian newspaper and one of the most judicious and well-informed commentators on the Middle East, goes further, saying that Saddam is living out some fantasy about destroying the "global hegemony" of the United States, and this makes him immune to reality.

The missing element for understanding the Supreme Leader on his final flightpath up to world-historical importance, I suggest, is to be sought in the Arab culture that formed him. In that culture, the individual must strive to acquire honor and conversely avoid shame, because these values certify status in the sight of everyone else. This conditions behavior and judgment in a way very remote from neo-Freudianism and other such tools of Western interpretation. When Saddam boasted to Rather, "We will maintain our honor, the honor that is required, in front of our people," he was giving a perfect example of what his culture expects from a man of strength and pride and power. The other side of the coin is the accusation that the United States is "arrogant" in its policy of opposing him, and he rejects the "humiliation" this involves.

The Arabist Hugh Roberts has recorded in one of his essays how Algerians thousands of miles from the 1991 Gulf War nonetheless perceived Saddam as a hero at the time. The term they used to praise him was *fahl*, for which the standard dictionary gives meanings that connote both status and virility: "male (of large animals), stallion; outstanding personality, luminary, star, master." The perception has spread in the Arab world far beyond Algeria that Saddam is indeed capable of feats of exceptional potency. Pitiful in themselves, such fantasies cannot survive a military defeat and the implosion of Saddam's regime in genuinely humiliating circumstances.

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." Macbeth should have had a hotline to the Pentagon. The longer the futile diplomatic skirmishing lasts, and the more peace demonstrations appear on television for Saddam to draw encouragement from, the greater his honor as a man defying his enemies against all reason. And who knows, perhaps even getting away with it once again, becoming a Supreme Leader such as the Arab world has not known for centuries, bolder and braver than the last pretender to the title, Gamal Abdul Nasser, the Egyptian president who also threw out a challenging *Ahlan wasahlan* to his enemies. Losing his war, Nasser wept in public for shame.

**When Saddam boasted to Rather, 'We will maintain our honor, the honor that is required, in front of our people,' he was giving a perfect example of what his culture expects from a man of strength and pride and power.**

A fast and effective campaign would show Saddam up as someone whose pretensions had exposed his country to unjustified risk for no purpose. Might he then break down and weep like Nasser at the unwelcome contact with reality, or discover the point at which discretion becomes the better part of honor, and fly out to a safe haven, perhaps in Paris or Moscow? In either case, the ubiquitous portraits and statues of the Supreme Leader would vanish on the spot, as Iraqis got down to the task of liberating themselves from their painful history. **NR**

■ **AT WAR II**

# His Finest Hour—for How Long?

## The shaky world of Tony Blair

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

BACK in the unlamented 1960s in Britain, in the sour political atmosphere following the failed 1967 devaluation of the pound, a joke spread rapidly through the governing classes at the expense of the reformist Labour prime minister of the day. It ran simply: "There are two things I dislike about Harold Wilson. His face."

Wilson, who was a very kind and honorable man in his personal life, had earned a reputation for duplicity because of a series of U-turns he had executed on everything from the exchange rate of sterling to Britain's membership in the European Economic Community. It led to his gradual political emasculation because he became so distrusted that he was unable to keep together the coalitions needed to push through the moderate pre-Thatcher labor-union reforms he favored. And his name became a byword for dishonesty, cynicism, and what was not then called spin.

It will strike most Americans as absurd to compare the current reformist Labour prime minister, Tony Blair, to this discredited contortionist. American conservatives in particular have fallen half in love with Blair for his strong support of the U.S. in the current Iraq crisis. David Brooks of *The Weekly Standard* has talked of his seriousness and resolve. Andrew Sullivan on his website has more or less endorsed Blair for reelection over the hapless Tories (whose weakness on the war he exaggerates—they voted overwhelmingly for intervention in comparison to Labour's 2–1 split). And Christopher Caldwell, writing in *The* (London) *Spectator*, argued that Blair's steadfastness had made Britain the first European


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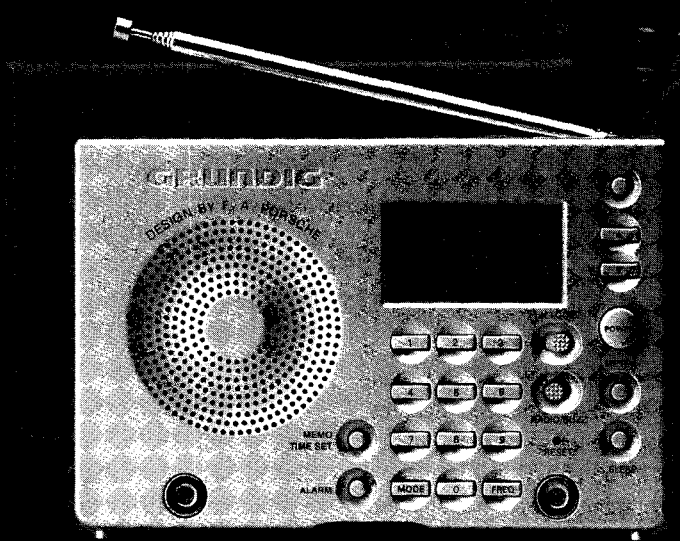


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nation to regain world-power status.

All these compliments, moreover, are entirely deserved. Blair has staked out a clear argument in favor of disarming Saddam Hussein by force. He has faced down both internal Labour rebellion and substantial public discontent on the issue. He has confronted anti-Americanism head-on and destroyed its threadbare justifications. And he has done all these things by tackling—and demolishing—every one of the arguments that his critics have leveled against him. This is leadership of a high order, and it pays off. We are fortunate to have such an ally at our side. What, then, justifies any comparison of Blair to Wilson? And if such a justification exists, what lessons does it contain?

Blair's growing unpopularity in Britain is only marginally related to his support of an Iraq invasion. Indeed, his brave stand on the war would attract more respect at home were it not undermined in advance by his domestic political failures. His principal failure can be simply stated: He was elected on a platform of improving public services without raising taxes; instead he has raised taxes without improving public services. Among the results are massive traffic congestion, long hospital waiting lists, perpetual railroad delays, a growing pension crisis, and mounting tax bills.

These failures of policy themselves stem from two political causes—Blair's unfinished reform of his own party, and his commitment to European integration. "New Labour" and the "Third Way" were interesting theoretical inventions, but they were never translated into practical politics. Almost the only major innovations actually brought into law were the botched (and still unfinished) reform of the House of Lords and the establishment of mini-parliaments in Scotland and Wales. These have achieved very little except to add another layer of government to already over-governed places. In addition, Blair's signing of the European social charter (which the Tories had opted out of) has ensured that an avalanche of labor regulations from Brussels will overwhelm the deregulated British labor market that is Britain's main competitive advantage. On top of the "stealth taxes" and high deficit spending introduced by Blair's Old Labour rival, finance minister Gordon Brown, these regulations are slowly re-creating the over-taxed, over-regulated British economy of the 1970s.

Until very recently, these failures were brilliantly obscured by media management. No government has been more attentive to opinion polls, focus groups, flattery of friendly journalists (and exclusion of unfriendly ones), and all the other arts of public relations. Time and again Blair's ministers would say what Middle England wanted to hear while pursuing policies—on asylum, for instance—that bore no relation to their words. But public awareness of this relentless opinion management now hobbles Blair. Many voters no longer trust him and discount whatever New Labour says as spin. Like Wilson, he has squandered the chance of real reform to achieve popularity—and has ended up with neither.

Blair himself now realizes all this. Indeed, the thought plainly haunts him that if he were to be knocked down by the proverbial London bus today, he would go down in history as an entirely inconsequential prime minister. Hence the sudden rush of political courage—defying his own party not only on Iraq but also on domestic political issues, such as allowing private hospitals within the socialized National Health Service. He wants to redeem himself before it is too late. He believes he is doing the right thing on Iraq; he calculates that he will be on the winning side; and he intends to use the prestige generated by victory to push ahead with the reform program he has shunned nervously until now.

**Blair would like to be the first President of Europe.**

Should that not endear him to the Bush administration and American conservatives? In general it should—and it does. But two important caveats are in order. In the first place, Blair's support for an invasion of Iraq is rooted in his high-minded liberal-interventionist belief in the efficacy of international organizations such as the U.N., the International Criminal Court, the Kyoto accords, etc. He will seek to exploit any Anglo-American victory to elevate the standing of such bodies, not as a tactical maneuver, but as a building block of a new transnational order hostile to national sovereignty, including U.S. sovereignty. Does America really want to give the U.N. teeth?

More important, Blair retains a dogmatic and sentimental attachment to European integration. He hopes to use the gratitude that the Bush administration undoubtedly owes him to obtain its support for Britain's joining the euro and for its ratification of the proposed European "constitution" that would in effect make the nation a European province. Blair's policy here is rooted partly in personal vanity—he would like to be the first President of Europe—and partly in the conviction that he can transform the European Union into a reliable pro-American ally by leading a coalition of Eastern and Mediterranean Europeans against the Franco-German central bloc.

This is an illusion. Blair might well be able to pull off such a coup—with American support—by re-drawing the institutional rules and boundaries of European/Atlanticist institutions along looser, more flexible, deregulated, and U.S.-friendly lines. The current debate on the proposed European constitution would be the perfect occasion for such a redesign. But Blair opposes such reform. And the present institutional set-up of the EU is heavily biased in favor of building the EU as a "counterweight" to the U.S. on the Franco-German model. Its existing regulations and legal principles are explicitly federalist. Its bureaucrats are inspired by a Euro-nationalist drive that predisposes them to anti-Americanism. Almost all its existing members, especially the smaller states, favor a federal European identity with a common foreign and defense policy. Its applicant members have signed on to transitional economic burdens that will enable Paris, Berlin, and Brussels to purchase their loyalty with subsidies. And if that tactic fails, France may well veto their admission to the EU as President Chirac has threatened.

Tony Blair would find that, after a few years, Britain would no longer enjoy the sovereign freedom to align itself with the U.S. on Iraq or on anything else. At worst, a common European foreign and defense policy would conscript Britain and its European friends into an anti-American action; at best, it would impose paralysis on them in a crisis. In those circumstances Mr. Blair's fine personal courage would be as politically irrelevant as Harold Wilson's personal decency. **NR**



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*Ever since the first human went into a dark cave and built a fire, people have realized the importance of proper indoor lighting. Unfortunately, since Edison invented the light bulb, lighting technology has remained relatively prehistoric. Modern light fixtures do little to combat many symptoms of improper lighting, such as eye strain, dryness or burning. As more and more of us spend longer hours in front of a computer monitor, the results are compounded. And the effects of indoor lighting are not necessarily limited to physical well being. Many people believe that the quantity and quality of light can play a part in one's mood and work performance. Now VERILUX®, a leader in healthy lighting since 1956 has developed a better way to bring the positive benefits of natural sunlight indoors.*

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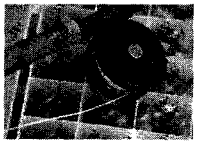


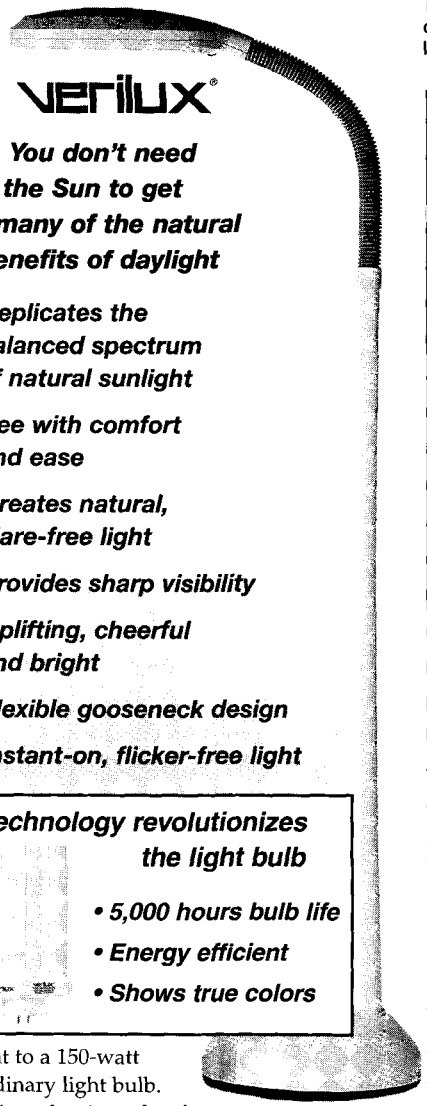
...for hobbies...

...for reading...

...for working...

...and when you need a good source of light for close-up tasks.

The VERILUX® HappyEyes® Floor Lamp will change the way you see and feel about your living or work spaces. Studies show that sunshine can lift your mood and your energy levels, but as we all know the sun, unfortunately, does not always shine. So to bring the benefits of natural daylight indoors, VERILUX, The Healthy Lighting Company™, created the VERILUX HappyEyes Floor Lamp that simulates the balanced spectrum of daylight. You will see with more comfort and ease as this lamp provides sharp visibility for close tasks and reduces eyestrain. Its 27-watt compact fluorescent bulb is the equivalent to a 150-watt ordinary light bulb. This makes it perfect for activities such as reading, writing, sewing and needlepoint, and especially for aging eyes. For artists, the VERILUX HappyEyes Floor Lamp can bring a source of natural light into a studio, and show the true colors of a work. This lamp has a flexible gooseneck design for maximum efficiency, and an "Instant On" switch that is flicker-free. The high fidelity electronics, ergonomically correct design, and bulb that lasts five times longer than an ordinary bulb make this product a must-see.




***You don't need the Sun to get many of the natural benefits of daylight***

- ***Replicates the balanced spectrum of natural sunlight***
- ***See with comfort and ease***
- ***Creates natural, glare-free light***
- ***Provides sharp visibility***
- ***Uplifting, cheerful and bright***
- ***Flexible gooseneck design***
- ***Instant-on, flicker-free light***

***Technology revolutionizes the light bulb***

- ***5,000 hours bulb life***
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- ***Shows true colors***

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■ IMMIGRATION

# Caring for Illegals, Losing Their Shirts

## The effect of the wave on border-state medical services

JOHN J. MILLER

JIM MCNEAL remembers the night like it was yesterday. "We got a call at about 11 o'clock saying there'd been a bad accident—a van had crashed out in the middle of nowhere, and it was stuffed with 26 illegal aliens from Mexico." McNeal's company, Schaefer Ambulance Service, handles 911 calls in California's rural Imperial County, right on the border. Three of his vehicles raced to the scene on Highway 78, west of the Salton Sea. "Six of the passengers were dead on the spot, and two weren't harmed. We provided immediate treatment to the 18 others and rushed them off to hospitals."

That was a year and a half ago. Since then, McNeal hasn't seen a dime for his efforts. "We weren't paid for what we did, and we won't ever be paid," he says. His company, in fact, has written off more than $620,000 over the last six years for uncompensated services provided to illegal aliens. "I don't understand why I have to bear this expense," says McNeal. "Border control is supposed to be a federal problem, not a Schaefer Ambulance problem. It's just not fair."

But it's also typical. Schaefer Ambulance makes up a very small piece of a very large problem. In 2000, hospitals and emergency-service providers lost more than $200 million because they weren't reimbursed for treatment given to illegal aliens, according to a study sponsored by the United States/Mexico Border Counties Coalition. Individual physicians may have lost another $100 million.

That's because federal law requires emergency rooms to accept all comers, regardless of their citizenship or their ability to pay for services. Hospitals already take a beating from malpractice litigation, Medicaid reimbursement schemes, and uninsured patients—it's a tough business to be in just about anywhere. Those near the border, however, must cope with the added complication of illegal-alien freeloaders. Many area hospitals are being forced to cut back services or to close their doors entirely, which means that out-of-control immigration has become not only an inconvenience for millions of Americans, but a public-health hazard.

If the 24 counties touching Mexico formed a 51st state, stretching from Brownsville in south Texas all the way to San Diego, it would be the poorest in the country and the one with the highest level of unemployment: Household incomes are about $10,000 lower than the national average and the jobless rate is more than 12 percent. This is the area through which illegal aliens must travel if they enter the United States from Mexico by car or on foot. Many of them take great risks to sneak across the border, making them prone to injury. Jumping walls leads to broken bones, crossing deserts courts dehydration, and jamming a couple dozen people into a van invites the kind of disaster McNeal found in Imperial County. As a result, the aliens find themselves crowding border hospitals and forcing the have-not locals to pick up the tab.

**Border Patrol agents actually worsen the problem.**

The Border Patrol is supposed to keep illegal aliens out of the country, but its agents actually worsen the problem. Officers are experts at rounding up crossers and persuading them to leave the country without filing phony asylum claims and the like. When they apprehend people who need immediate medical attention, however, they rush them to the hospital without formally taking them into custody. This is humane on one level—if people need the urgent attention of doctors, they should get it without first having to endure an interrogation. But it's also an act of bureaucratic self-interest. If the Border Patrol were actually to arrest injured aliens, it would have to assume responsibility for the cost of their care. So instead it picks them up in the wilderness and drops them off at emergency rooms—and never bothers to check back. The hospitals are stuck with the bills. When the aliens' treatment is finished, they're released into the community and are free to go where they please.

Sometimes customs officials on the border will even admit Mexican ambulances on "compassionate entry" grounds in the belief that an injury is so bad, the victim will suffer irreparable harm if he doesn't receive the immediate attention of American doctors. This happened hundreds of times in Douglas, Ariz., last year. Cassy Salmon, a nurse in Douglas, even thinks her Mexican counterparts take advantage of the U.S. mandatory-care laws. "They lie to us," she says. "If they have a patient who can't pay his bills, they will say he needs more help than they can provide and put him on an ambulance for Arizona."

Which isn't to say the injuries are never legitimate. If a factory worker in Agua Prieta loses a limb in an accident, for instance, there's nothing nearby on the Mexican side of the border that can help.

But the tiny hospital in Douglas isn't equipped to save his life, either. The closest trauma center is in Tucson, and that's where he'll go for treatment. In part because of costs like this, the Tucson Medical Center is about to unplug its trauma unit. The only other trauma center in the city is also in serious trouble: The University Medical Center expects to lose about $5 million this year because of foreign nationals, up from $4 million last year. "I'm $2 million in the hole right now, so that's the difference between running at a profit or a loss," says John Duval, the chief operating officer. "Systems fracture at their stress points. For us, foreign nationals are a stress point."

Doctors everywhere face lawsuits, driving up the costs of what they do. This problem, too, is made worse on the border. "If a guy is shot in Mexico, he'll go to the hospital over there and start to crater in two or three days," says Antonio Falcon, a family practitioner in Rio Grande. "By the time he's a total mess, they'll send him over here and he'll die because we didn't see him early enough. Then everybody


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on our side of the border gets sued."

Most medical litigation is not really about malpractice, but about outcomes—if somebody dies in a hospital, there's always a lawyer willing to make a case out of it. A few years ago, Falcon helped treat a Mexican man with a perforated colon. "He was in septic shock," says Falcon. "The surgeon saved his life." Yet it was a difficult recovery, and the patient had to receive extensive follow-up treatment. Falcon and his colleagues at Starr County Memorial Hospital were sued. "The case was dismissed, but for three years I had to go through the time, trouble, and expense of defending myself for helping this guy live longer," says Falcon. "This scenario plays out over and over down here."

The cost problem isn't confined to border counties, either. Jesica Santillan—whose case recently drew national attention after Duke University botched her organ transplant—was an illegal alien from Mexico. As much as we must sympathize with her plight, we might also note that her family entered the United States without visas for the express purpose of receiving medical care.

The best solution, of course, is for Mexico to improve its health-care system, but this will take time. A short-term solution would be to increase federal reimbursements. Local hospitals and clinics face huge financial burdens because the federal government has failed in its duty to police the border. Washington already reimburses some costs—but only about $25 million per year, which doesn't even begin to address the magnitude of the problem. "I've never seen any of these reimbursements," says McNeal of Schaeffer Ambulance. A new bill sponsored by Republican senator Jon Kyl (Ariz.) would increase this annual allotment to $1.4 *billion*.

There's something to be said for this approach, given that so many hospitals are in dire financial straits. "People are dying because of this problem," Kyl points out. But at the same time, immigration reformers should beware. Here is a growing constituency of people along the border fed up with immigration policy. They're already becoming mobilized politically, but they're seeking a payoff rather than a fundamental reform. As a doctor might say, they're trying to treat a symptom, rather than the disease itself. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY**

# A Bright Idea on Taxes

## How the BRIDGE Act can help small businessmen and America

KATE O'BEIRNE

A NEW idea in Washington has more trouble gaining traction than the city's commuters on icy streets. While there will be pitched battles over accelerating tax-rate reductions and eliminating the tax on stock dividends, lawmakers agree on the need to help small businesses. Unfortunately, the most elegant way to help the most promising entrepreneurs will be ignored unless the Bush administration and Hill leaders give it the attention it deserves.

The BRIDGE Act (Business Retained Income During Growth and Expansion) is the brainchild of Washington outsiders with vast business know-how. They have persisted in promoting their novel plan, despite a chilly reception by insiders who lack an understanding of the problems faced by entrepreneurs. The BRIDGE Act would permit a profitable, promising small business, with $10 million or less in gross receipts, to defer up to $250,000 in federal income taxes for two years, and pay the taxes owed with interest over the next four. The deferred tax amount would be placed in a trust account to be used as collateral for a loan. The idea is to help businesses during a critical time in their growth when outside financing is difficult and costly to obtain. In making their case, the bill's sponsors point to an estimate that such a tax deferment would create over 640,000 jobs in its first three years. According to the Joint Tax Committee, allowing small businesses to retain their profits temporarily, thereby "bridging" their funding gap, would "cost" government several billion dollars in tax revenue in the early years, but would result in a $1.1 billion net revenue gain over a ten-year period.

In the last Congress, the BRIDGE Act received the kind of bipartisan support that is rarely given to a tax plan and that would all but ensure passage if the bill could win floor consideration. It was sponsored by Jim DeMint (R., S.C.) and Brian Baird (D., Wash.) in the House, and in the Senate by John Kerry (D., Mass.) and Olympia Snowe (R., Maine). It will be reintroduced in the next few weeks. And the proposal has attracted enthusiastic support from the business press. George Gendron, editor-in-chief of *Inc.* magazine, wrote in December 2001, "The BRIDGE Act is an ingenious, fiscally sound mechanism for keeping billions in the hands of a group that makes the most efficient use of capital." According to a study by Cognetics, a Massachusetts-based research firm specializing in the economics of small business, rapidly expanding small businesses with fewer than 100 employees created the lion's share of new jobs in the last decade—85 percent of them from 1994 to 1998. Rep. DeMint senses a "chemical reaction ready to happen," but the key ingredient missing is support from either the Bush administration or the GOP congressional leadership.

With politicians clamoring to help

*BRIDGE-builder Jim DeMint*



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small business, and daily reminders of sluggish job growth in an already weak economy, why isn't this sound, bipartisan initiative at the top of Washington's tax-reform agenda? Therein lies a tale of politics and policy, illustrating how a good idea can get tripped up.

When he began to sell his idea in Washington, Douglass Tatum, the bill's inspiration, quickly encountered an experience gap on the part of his Washington audience every bit as challenging as the capital gap faced by the entrepreneurs he was trying to help. Tatum is CEO of Tatum CFO Partners, an Atlanta-based firm he founded that has 450 partners and 30 offices nationwide and provides financial officers to firms on a temporary basis. A few years ago, Tatum put together a booklet entitled "No Man's Land: Where Growing Companies Fail," based on his firm's experience with emerging "growth businesses." He distinguishes these companies from other small businesses with a simple example: "A small businessman owns a dry cleaner, the entrepreneur I am talking about owns two, and wants to own ten or twelve." Tatum says that there is less of a problem with start-up money for such ventures, which are generally underwritten by loans from family and friends or by credit cards. But when the need for capital exceeds personal assets, commercial lenders prove unwilling to service relatively small loans of less than $1 million.

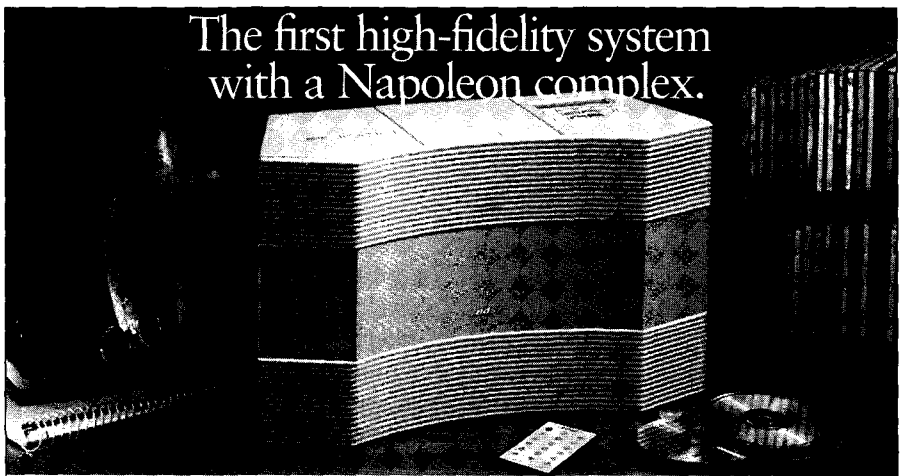
Tatum explains that a fast-growing company using the most common form of accounting has taxable profits but faces an increasing negative cash flow as it spends its cash to keep up with growth. (Profits are determined on a yearly basis, but, month to month, a company may face shortfalls.) Tatum understands what few in Washington do: Entrepreneurial companies hit a capital gap and face negative cash flow precisely *because* they are profitable. He recalls one macroeconomist who echoed the common misunderstanding of Washington experts when he erroneously protested that it wasn't possible for a profitable company to have a negative cash flow.

While the economic experts proved unfamiliar with the microeconomics of small business, Tatum detected a philosophical objection when he talked with Bush administration officials, who were lukewarm about his "targeted" tax proposal. But the BRIDGE Act helps companies in every sector of the economy and the country. It's only targeted to the extent that it's aimed at helping companies that create jobs.

The politics of the bill have also complicated matters. Under Sen. Kerry, the Senate Committee on Small Business added "and Entrepreneurship" to its title, and supporters of the BRIDGE Act credit the Massachusetts liberal with prioritizing the problem that growth businesses have with financing. Unfortunately, Kerry's backing has created problems for the bill's supporters. A Republican aide promoting the BRIDGE Act reports that he spends at least part of his time fending off skeptics who wonder how conservatives can endorse a "Kerry bill." The bill's supporters are also caught up in some early presidential politicking: GOP partisans aren't keen on backing a bill sponsored by one of President Bush's competitors. But this is a miscalculation, in that a healthy economy and strong job growth will do more for Bush in 2004 than a legislative victory will do for Kerry's presidential prospects.

Rep. DeMint, one of the most conservative members of the House, was the first to embrace the proposal, which he says will spark "the growth engine of this economy." Doug Tatum recalls that when he met two years ago with DeMint—a former small-business consultant then in his second term—the South Carolina congressman "understood completely." DeMint thinks that his experience in the private sector has helped him deal with the frustrations of marketing this new idea on Capitol Hill: "Business and Congress, like most other established organizations, get entrenched in certain ideas, and selling something new can be a punishing process."

This congressman continues tirelessly to promote his proposal in the hope that the BRIDGE Act will at least get a hearing in the crucial tax committees along with the other stimulus proposals. There is a welcome sign that his marketing may have reached a very important customer. According to John Feehry, spokesman for Dennis Hastert, the BRIDGE Act "has caught the attention of the Speaker's policy shop and we're looking at it very seriously." As well they should. **NR**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■ LAW

# Getting Hurt, Getting Paid

## The curious politics, psychology, and sociology of medical compensation

THEODORE DALRYMPLE

THE late C. E. M. Joad, the Oxford-educated professor of philosophy at London University, once remarked that, while money cannot buy you happiness, it can at least buy you misery in comfort. This is the great principle upon which the Anglo-American law of tort seems to be founded: for every harm must have its equal and opposite financial compensation. Revenge is a dish best served in cash.

The case of Jesica Santillan, who died as a result of a heart and lung transplant negligently performed at Duke University Hospital, is likely to be used by those who oppose the bill in Congress to place a cap of $250,000 on jury awards for non-economic loss and suffering. But hard cases make bad law—or in this instance, unmake good law. We have in the end to decide whether we would prefer the chance of a huge award were we negligently treated to the chance of not being treated at all because medical malpractice premiums have risen so high that no one will dare to touch us. Personally, I would prefer to forgo my infinitesimal chance of hitting the malpractice jackpot.

As it happens, I do a certain amount of medico-legal work in the British tort system, which has many (and increasing) similarities to the American. I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing quite like the prospect of compensation for increasing pain and suffering. The general rule is this: If you pay people to suffer, they will suffer; it is a question of supply and demand, and injuries that in the absence of financial reward would be self-limiting become permanently crippling in its presence.

I do not deny, of course, that in some cases injuries occur that result from negligence, and that sometimes they cause great loss, financial and otherwise. Occasionally very large awards are justified because the injured party will require nursing care for the rest of his life, and because his economic prospects have been permanently blighted. But these cases are both relatively few and pretty obvious when encountered. In my experience, however, litigation gives rise to symptoms far more frequently than symptoms give rise to litigation.

What happens is this: A person discovers that he has been the victim of some potentially actionable negligence in the form of an act or an omission, by a doctor or by someone else who owes him a duty of care, whereupon his symptomatology begins to expand like ink on blotting paper. Ours being an age of information, the process is often speeded up by access to the Internet, with its myriad websites established by advocacy and self-help groups. The litigant, formerly healthy, rapidly succumbs to every kind of unprovable ailment: headache, loss of concentration, dizziness, depression, lack of energy, indifference to pleasure, anxiety, and so forth. Within a comparatively short time, even an active, vigorous, and intelligent person can be reduced to a gibbering wreck, a permanent invalid obsessed by the minor fluctuations of his bodily sensations. When a man says that his whole life has been ruined by some trifling incident or accident, I know—without having to ask—that I am in the presence of litigation.

The law gives the litigant every opportunity and motive for exaggerating his symptoms. The worse his symptoms, the more he will get, if he gets anything at all (and the hope of an out-of-court settlement springs eternal). But the law's delay does more: It turns hypochondriasis into a way of life, indeed into an autonomous career, a raison d'être, and a quasi-political cause. Most cases are defended, and so the long process of submission and counter-submission, argument and refutation, begins. This stage can, and usually does, last for years. Before long, the case becomes an obsession, and the litigant's home the repository of a ton of papers, each of which he will show you with a hand trembling with outrage, excitement, or indignation. But the final proof, the knockdown argument, always evades him: It is a mirage shimmering in the ever-receding distance.

Most litigants are not out-and-out villains—it is more complex than that. Their symptomatology hardens into a recitation or a mantra, and they genuinely forget that it did not develop until the prospect of litigation arose. The passage of time makes exact chronology difficult. Moreover, they genuinely cannot see the contradiction between being crippled by a complete lack of energy and going on holiday four times a year to far-flung places. It is situations such as work (and domestic tasks) that they cannot, and

ROMAN GENN

**Dr. Dalrymple is a contributing editor of City Journal. His most recent book is *Life at the Bottom: The Worldview That Makes the Underclass.***



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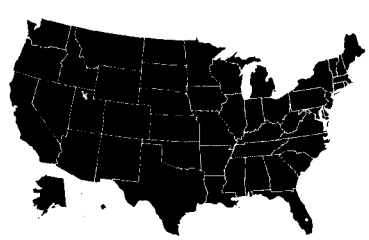
# The FCC has affirmed the rights of states to promote local phone competition and protect consumers.

Last week the Federal Communications Commission upheld Americans' right to have a choice in local phone companies. By staying the course laid out by the 1996 Telecom Act, the FCC is giving states the ability to open their local phone markets to real competition.

Already more than ten million residential and small business consumers[1] have exercised their new freedom of choice, and new competition is growing by leaps and bounds. A recent analysis reports that consumers will save more than $9 billion a year with widespread local phone competition.[2] And a competitive marketplace will spur innovation.



The FCC's recent action means consumers will continue to get more choices, lower prices and better service for local phone service — fulfilling Congress' vision in creating the 1996 Telecom Act.

**That's good news for the 10,000,000 residential and small business consumers who have already exercised their freedom of choice.**

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[1]January 2, 2003, Business Week
[2]CompTel Consumer Savings Analysis January 2003

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will never be able to face again. Of course, fraud pure and simple does exist: More than one case of totally incapacitating back injury has been brought to an end by a well-timed video of the alleged cripple dancing in the local discotheque. But most litigants come to believe their own confections.

It used to be thought that, come the compensation, the neurotic symptoms disappeared. Such has not been my experience, precisely because most litigants are not more than averagely dishonest. Win or lose, they are committed to their symptoms—and, I suspect, even come to love them. If a litigant becomes well immediately after an award, he stands revealed—to himself especially, but also to others—as a fraud, and most people, except deliberate conmen, do not want to think of themselves or be though of by others as frauds. So the successful litigant has to remain an invalid even after his award, at least for a decent interval. It is the modern equivalent of the mourning period that Victorian widows were expected to observe.

**Win or lose, litigants are commited to their symptoms—and, I suspect, even come to love them.**

The litigant who loses the case is likewise committed to his symptoms. He would far rather have been the victim of injustice than recover his health: for such a recovery would prove to him that the courts were perfectly right in denying him compensation, since there was nothing wrong with him in the first place. Therefore, to the symptoms that the litigation provoked, a general bitterness of outlook is now added by the result of the court case: "The system" is unjust. Of course, bitterness has its comforts, as every resentful person knows. It allows you to feel superior to the world without actually doing anything; it gives you permanent occupancy of the moral high ground. But as a way of life it is very unsatisfactory and restricting.

As to the compensation itself, not only is it never quite enough, but it often brings in its wake all kinds of problems. Not long ago, for example, I had a patient who had received considerable compensation in his case for a genuinely incapacitating injury. Unfortunately for him, he did not come from a stratum of society in which the accumulation of large capital sums was customary. No sooner had he received his award, therefore, than he found himself the object of the attentions of every young ne'er-do-well relative that he possessed—and he possessed many. They begged, cajoled, and even threatened him. He said to me, with obvious sincerity, that he wished that he had never been awarded anything at all.

Litigation can become a habit. Not long ago I provided a report for a man who had indeed been badly treated at another hospital, and had suffered minor injuries as a consequence. As he was poor, I wrote my report for him gratis: but in the world of tort, no good deed goes unpunished. He won a small amount of compensation, but then claimed that the omission in my report of the tingling round his lips (which he claimed prevented him from ever working again, though he did not say in what capacity) had likewise prevented him from winning much bigger damages. He tried—unsuccessfully—to sue me for $400,000, and no doubt now feels very much aggrieved.

Litigation also produces psychological miracles. I once did a report on a man for a so-called whiplash injury that was allegedly permanently incapacitating. He was a refugee from an Arab country, where he had been in the army. He had taken part in a notorious massacre of unarmed civilians, and had also worked as a torturer, before being horribly tortured himself after making some injudicious remarks about his country's president. But what had rendered him unfit ever to work again was the impact of a car, at five miles per hour, which ran into the rear of his own car at an intersection in England. This was far worse than all his previous experiences combined.

Only tort could produce such a miracle. It produces them every day. We are often told that the tort system is the best possible, and perhaps it is. But if so, all I can say is that there is also no better system for bringing out the scoundrel that lurks within us all, impatiently waiting for his opportunity to emerge. **NR**

■ **FRANCE**

# They Have to Break a Few Eggs

## The French way of dealing with life

ROB LONG

A FEW years ago, at the end of a happy dinner in an atmospheric Paris restaurant, of the twelve or so at the table half wanted a cheese course, and the others wanted to go directly to dessert. It was late, even for Paris, and I knew that one of us was getting up early the next morning. As the waiter disappeared to collect the cheese cart, I leaned over to my friend and suggested that since half of us wanted dessert and half of us wanted cheese, perhaps the smart thing to do was to have the cheese course and the dessert course at the same time.

He thought about this for a moment. "It would be nice, yes," he said. "But of course it is impossible."

It's impossible, you see—as if the cheese and the dessert were some form of matter/anti-matter, and their presence on the table would cause some kind of tear in the fabric of time and space. But to him, and to the rest of his country, the possibility that the process of the meal would be disrupted is almost as catastrophic.

So in the current ugly wrangle between the U.S. and France, as hard as it is for me, I must take up the French side. I must blame America first.

There are dark mutterings among the Blame France First crowd about French arms contracts with Saddam Hussein. There's talk about agreements between the French and Iraqi oil producers. It's implied by the Blame Francers that French diplomatic inflexibility on the coming war in Iraq is somehow related



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to these issues. This is perhaps true, but even if so, it doesn't really explain their resolute bloody-mindedness. Naked self-interest would also calculate the cost of American enmity. A completely selfish France, acting only in the most mercenary fashion, wouldn't be acting so, well, French about this.

I prefer to ignore *les arbres* and concentrate instead on *la forêt*. It isn't necessary to analyze French arms deals or sleuth out oil contracts. What's needed here, to understand the French perspective, is to understand scrambled eggs. There are two ways to make scrambled eggs: the wrong way, and the French way. The wrong way is simple: take some eggs, throw them into a hot pan with some industrial margarine, and stir the whole mess until the eggs become tough, ropy lumps. Elapsed time: four minutes.

The French way is more complicated. Take some eggs. Beat them loosely with a fork. Slide them into the top part of a double boiler which is set above—but not touching—an inch or two of boiling water. Begin whisking immediately, breaking up the lumps that form. When the eggs have developed a thick, cottage-cheese-like texture, beat in a few tablespoons of excellent butter, continue whisking for a moment, remove from stove, and serve over hot buttered toast. Elapsed time: thirty minutes.

Stop sneering this instant. Yes, the French eggs take eight times longer. Yes, it's hard to imagine, what with kids racing off to school and standard morning chaos, dragging out the double boiler (you do have a double boiler, right?) and whisking eggs into delicate, moist curds for half an hour, but isn't it nice to know the correct, French way to do something?

Trust me, it is. But with Franco-American relations at a furious boil, it's easy to forget all the wonderful things France has contributed to the world. It's easy to slip into the tired old routines about surrendering so quickly and bathing so rarely. It's easy to overlook the greatness of a culture and a people that put such high value on promiscuous sexual encounters and smelly, delicious cheese, who discovered many years ago that a beaten egg yolk can absorb vats of melted butter, resulting in a thick, glossy sauce they modestly call Hollandaise but which I can tell you, as a person who lived in Holland for three years as a child, is most definitely not Dutch. Only the French would bother to develop and codify such a sauce, to refine it into Béarnaise, to spin it into a thousand other sauces—not because it was efficient or practical (efficient and practical are German concepts, and look! Here they are! Marching down the Boulevard des Capucines!)—but because it touched the French character in its most meaningful place.

It is often said that the French love to eat. They don't, really. They're particular about their food, of course, but they aren't happy feasters like, say, the Italians. The French don't eat so much as dine. They like the process. They live for the steady, composed progression of courses, the careful adherence to established, rule-bound preparations. A *salade frisée aux lardons* is dished out in one specific way. The right way. Why change it?

What were we thinking, going to the United Nations? What were we thinking, agreeing to all sorts of timetables and inspections and processes? We jumped into the briar patch with Br'er France, and he's loving it. He couldn't be happier amongst the commissions and the memoranda and the tangle of organization charts. In every aspect of its activities, from ignoring genocide to coddling Third World tyrants, the U.N. is the perfect embodiment of the French character. But when the U.N.—and France—behave exactly as they're designed to, exactly as they have for years and years, suddenly we're surprised? Maybe they're right. Maybe we are stupid.

Maybe we are arrogant and parochial, not to have noticed that what makes countries like France so valuable in areas like pie making and sexual intercourse are the same traits that make them so useless in areas like warfare and multilateral agreement. Ossified, rule-bound cultures simply do not like to take action, because action leads to change, and change leads to dessert and cheese lying together on the table, all willy-nilly and higgledy-piggledy.

Why didn't we know this? Don't we all know someone, in our life or our business, obsessed with process and steps and organizational flows? Someone who impedes progress and delays action, not necessarily out of malice, but out of some deeply held belief that it's better, when confronted with a choice, not to make one?

Well, *mes amis*, that's France. And it's our fault for getting tangled up with them. It's our fault for forgetting that stubborn French pride has given the world many things, but a just peace isn't one of them. And it's our fault for forgetting that American impetuousness has given the world many things too, but we make some sorry scrambled eggs. The French have nothing to be sorry for: They're simply acting French, as is their right. But what's our excuse? We've been wrangling with the U.N. now for almost a year. Who do we think we are? We're Americans. We ask once, then move on. We'll have the job done by dessert, or the cheese course, **NR**

ROMAN GENN

*Jacques Chirac*



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■ CULTURE WATCH

# The President of the Left

No, he's not president. Martin Sheen only plays one on TV. But . . .

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

If there is anyone more sanctimonious than *The West Wing*'s Jed Bartlet, it's the moralizing old ham who plays him. But prissy, preachy Martin Sheen wasn't always this way. There were times, back in the depths of the wicked, whacked-out 1970s, when today's straitlaced star was a boozer, a three-packs-of-cigarettes-a-day man, and who knows what else. It was also the decade when he gave two of the greatest performances in the history of American cinema. As the restless, murderous Kit Carruthers, Sheen was an astonishingly convincing guide to the beauty, brutality, and strangeness of Terrence Malick's hypnotic *Badlands*. In *Apocalypse Now*, he took audiences on a different journey, this time deep into a heart of darkness so profound that it engulfed not only the character he portrayed but also, ultimately, Sheen himself.

The making of *Apocalypse Now* was—like the war it described—a chaotic, prolonged nightmare, with the tropical heat of its Philippines location only adding to the pressure on an actor "interiorly confused" and also busy partying far, far too hard. By the end of filming, Sheen had suffered a heart attack so severe that he was given last rites. But the "white light" that was, reportedly, a part of his near-death experience seems to have had an effect roughly equivalent to that more famous light seen on the road to Damascus. He cut back on the drink, reconnected with the Catholic Church, and, in the ominous words of a profile in the London *Daily Telegraph*, "took up politics." While his movie career seemed doomed never to regain its former heights (forget Damascus, the road from *Apocalypse Now* to *Beverly Hills Brats* can't have been easy), when it came to politics, Sheen shone.

He has opposed Star Wars (Pentagon, not George Lucas), excessive violence in movies (probably not George Lucas either), sanctions against Iraq, the proposed invasion of Iraq, and, a little belatedly, the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings. He's campaigned for the homeless, pacifism, migrant workers, Bill Clinton (a "hero"), Janet Reno (also a "hero"), Al Gore (heroic status unclear), animal rights, and the environmentalist movement. Gerry Adams, the murkiest of Northern Ireland's politicians, was yet another "hero," although there was to be some subsequent (rather muddled) backtracking. The Contras were *not* heroes. They were "obscene assassins." Cop-killer Mumia, on the other hand, is an "incisive critic of our criminal-justice system" and a "voice for the voiceless"—except, presumably, when they are murdered Philadelphia policemen.

His authority reinforced by the fact that he portrays a president on an upscale soap opera, Sheen uses celebrity status to push his causes (fair enough—it's our fault, not his, if we take an actor seriously just because of the roles he plays). But "Jed Bartlet" has not been his only taste of office, either on screen (he has played other presidents and at least two Kennedy brothers) or off. In 1989, Sheen was named honorary mayor of Malibu. Naturally, His Honor marked his appointment with a decree proclaiming the area "a nuclear-free zone, a sanctuary for [illegal] aliens and the homeless, and a protected environment for all life, wild and tame." Interviewed more than a decade later by *Hispanic* magazine, Sheen relived the moment with obvious pleasure:

"The reaction was what I kind of half-expected, and it wasn't favorable. I was considered a radical who sold out the city. It just shows you the power of words and the power of someone's convictions. It just scared the hell out of them."

Well, not really—it just shows that peo-

**Mr. Stuttaford is a contributing editor of National Review Online.**


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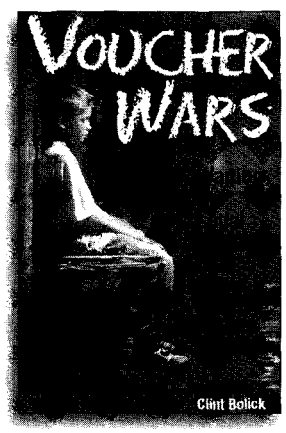


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**by Clint Bolick**

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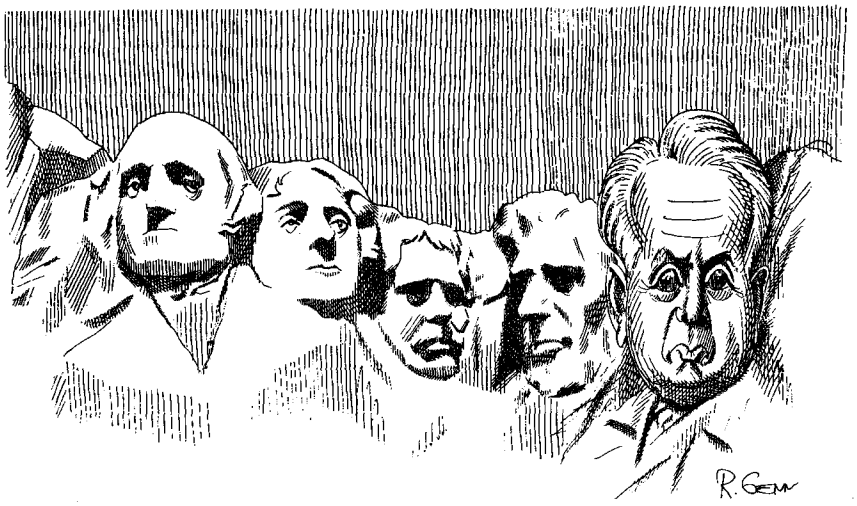

*Who's that guy on the end?*

ROMAN GENN

ple don't like having a loopy mayor. But no matter: If Sheen had become a St. Paul, the rest of us were, to him, like so many Galatians, an errant people to be hectored, lectured, and generally harangued.

And that's the best way to understand his politics—as an extension of his deeply held religious beliefs. Sheen's political views may be wrongheaded, but, despite all the controversy, they are hardly *that* unusual. Yes, they show strong traces of what Sheen once referred to as the "radical way of the cross," a version of that 1960s Latin American "liberation theology" which in the end proved to be neither liberation nor theology (it's no surprise to discover that Sheen enjoyed a long friendship with those "activist" priests, the Berrigan brothers, both of them, you guessed it, "heroes"), but they are not so far removed from the more mainstream market-skeptical, leftish strain of thought often found within Catholicism. Even his vocal opposition to an invasion of Iraq (which has, most recently, included filming a commercial for Win Without War) looks less exceptional when seen in the light of the Vatican's obvious discomfort with the direction of U.S. policy in the region.

That said, so what? That Sheen's numerous crusades may have religious roots should not exempt them from criticism, nor should the fact that the actor is, by all accounts, "sincere." When it comes to an agenda like Sheen's, sincerity in and of itself is no defense.

His lawyers might wish it were. One of the hallmarks of Sheen's activism is the number of times he has been arrested, around 70 at the latest count, often carefully choreographed for photogenic spectacle, which might include, say, prayer (yet another Nagasaki protest, this one at Los Alamos in 1999) or, for real excitement, fake blood (Fort Benning, same year).

There is another way in which these martyrdoms have been a touch theatrical. None were likely to have serious consequences. Now that there's a chance that they might, Sheen has seemed to shy away. Following a conviction for trespass at a demonstration at Vandenberg Air Force Base, he is on three years' probation and is taking care to avoid the police, handcuffs, and the judiciary. As he explained to *Newsday* last fall, "If I get arrested for anything now, I go right in the slammer." The actor's taste for martyrdom clearly includes neither the big house nor the loss of hundreds of thousands in dollars from his appearances in Aaron Sorkin's fake White House (Sheen reportedly earns around $300,000 for each episode of *The West Wing*, not so much less than the $400,000 that George W. Bush makes for a year in the real thing), but it's telling that it has taken this, rather than any change of heart, to stop—at least until his probation expires—the seemingly endless run of arrests.

To get arrested once is unfortunate, to get arrested 70 times looks rather more like arrogance. We live in a democracy, a system that, for all its flaws, does offer a legal mechanism for peaceful change. It's called voting. But in a democracy no one, not even Barbra Streisand, always gets his or her way. Most people accept that they have, at least temporarily, to live under some laws with which they may profoundly disagree. In his repeated recourse to (let's be euphemistic) "direct action," Sheen appears not to—an approach that is, at its core, undeniably undemocratic.

Sheen's justification would, doubtless, be that much-vaunted "morality" of his. It's a morality that may be commendable in the context of his private life, but applied in the public sphere, it has clearly led him to the belief that he is entitled to ignore the ground rules of a democratic society. In breaking the law to make a political point, he is, in effect, saying that his morality trumps your vote.

Revealingly, when the law and his own notions of what is right coincide, Sheen is only too happy to don the jackboots. For example, driven in part, doubtless, by one son's painful battle with substance abuse, he was a leading opponent of a California ballot initiative designed to allow certain low-level drug users to receive treatment rather than jail. That shouldn't be a surprise. Sheen is a zealot: a man so convinced of his own rectitude that, for him, any compromise becomes a sin. Needless to say, such moral absolutism usually comes with a profound disdain for the points of view of those who disagree—to Sheen, I suspect, their opinions count for no more than their votes.

And when it comes to disdain, Sheen wins the Oscar. For a man supposedly dedicated to Christian values of reconciliation and love, Martin Sheen has a very sharp tongue indeed. George W. Bush, he says, is a "thug," "dull," "dangerous," "a bad comic working the crowd," a "moron," and a "white-knuckle drunk" in denial about his past difficulties with alcohol.

There's not a lot of humility either. Interviewed last year by *Time Out*, the actor explained how his commitment to "social justice" had helped win him the role of Jed Bartlet:

"It gives the character a level of credibility that somebody who didn't take a stand on issues of social justice wouldn't have projected. And it isn't anything I've done overtly, it's just who I am. I cannot not be who I am, regardless of what part I am playing."

Translation: "My goodness shines through." **NR**



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■ COVER STORY

# The *Empire* of FREEDOM

## Where the United States belongs: the Anglosphere

BY RAMESH PONNURU

We can't say we weren't warned. The end of the alliance between Western Europe and the United States has been predicted since before the end of the Cold War. The disappearance of the external threat to the Western alliance was bound to magnify its internal tensions. The fall of Communism also made the differences in political philosophies between continental Europe and America loom larger. At the same time, those differences actually grew larger, as America stumbled into a position of unchallenged predominance, and European resentment of that predominance grew. Partly as a consequence of that resentment, efforts to make a rival superpower of the European Union—which was still known as the "European Economic Community" only 20 years ago—accelerated. In the 1990s, the topic of a possible crack-up of the West became as much a staple of opinion journalism, especially on the right, as the possibility of American decline had been in the previous decade.

The end of the Western alliance has now moved out of the realm of conjecture. Almost everyone, it seems, is giving up on that alliance. The Soviets once rallied opposition to American policies at the United Nations, and many expected China to assume the adversarial role in the future; but in the event, it has fallen to France. The European street is filled with protesters against the Bush administration, and insults to Europe are heard daily in the American street—sometimes from American officials. There is a material breach, as it were, in the alliance. The idea that NATO, at least in its present form, is obsolete is being seriously entertained.

There is no shortage of suggested new alliances. The distracting debate over "unilateralism" notwithstanding, very few Americans really want to go it alone. Soon after 9/11, some observers thought it was possible that a great-power alliance of China, Russia, and the United States might arise to combat terrorism. Since then, however, neither China nor Russia has been as helpful as Americans had hoped. Russia is in no condition to be a dependable ally. As Nicholas Eberstadt has explained, Russia is the sick man of Europe in a sadly literal sense. Ravaged by AIDS and alcoholism, the country is seeing its average lifespan continue to shrink. China has important interests opposed to ours, and may not be stable over the next decade either.

A Western-hemispheric bloc under American leadership may once have seemed attractive, but shows no signs of materializing. President Bush is eager to extend NAFTA southward, and described Mexico as our most important ally in the week before 9/11. But Mexico has been reluctant to back American policy toward Iraq at the United Nations; its economic reforms have stalled; and security concerns have forced the Bush administration to put its promises to Vicente Fox regarding immigration



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policy on the back-burner. South America is in wretched shape. In Venezuela, Argentina, and Brazil, the regnant style has been populist in politics, protectionist in economics, and anti-American in foreign policy. Only the absence of military coups has kept the Seventies revival from being complete. Colombia remains mired in guerrilla war. The United States could certainly stand to give the region more attention, but its potential as an ally is slight.

Other possible alliances offer real benefits and are worth pursuing, but cannot be a secure basis for the defense of American interests. India, Israel, and Turkey are important regional allies (or allies in the making), but hardly a replacement for Western Europe. Spain and Italy have been supportive during the Iraq controversy, but that stance has been more an electoral accident than the result of an underlying affinity for the U.S. Whether that support will survive the continued European integration that both countries favor is also open to question. That doubt also applies to our friends in "New Europe," which is to say in Eastern Europe, which is desperate to join the EU. Pro-American attitudes there may fade in tandem with memories of the Cold War.

**The unsatisfactory nature of most of the alliances on offer may explain why interest is growing in another possibility: a closer relationship among the English-speaking nations.**

### A NEW CIVILIZATION

The unsatisfactory nature of most of the alliances on offer may explain why interest is growing in another possibility: a closer relationship among the English-speaking nations. Although it is not without its difficulties, it is the most plausible alternative to the traditional Western alliance. The chief theoretician of this alliance is an American Internet entrepreneur named James Bennett. He calls his idea the "Anglosphere."

In the mid 1990s, Bennett started to write a book on how globalization was reducing the power of national governments. He posited that, in a world where the cost of travel and of communication was lower than ever before, geography would matter less and culture more. The "cooperation costs" between two countries that were oceans apart but culturally similar could be lower than those between two culturally dissimilar neighbors. "I started using the Anglosphere countries as an example," says Bennett. "The more I wrote about it, I realized (a) there was a huge potential here, and (b) the Anglosphere was leading the way and would probably get there first." Bennett shelved his first book and started working on a book on the Anglosphere, which he expects to be out later this year.

Bennett regards the Anglosphere as a part of Western civilization that is branching off into its own, no longer purely Western civilization. That civilization is characterized by a high degree of individualism and dynamism, and by a talent for assimilation. It is also characterized by high trust. In low-trust societies—here Bennett is borrowing from Edward Banfield and Francis Fukuyama—cooperation outside the family and clan is difficult and rare. The rule of law and contract rights are thus hard to establish, civil society is weak, and social and economic development are slow.

The Anglosphere countries are high-trust countries with strong civil societies. They are, in Bennett's jargon, "networks of networks." It is, for Bennett, no accident that it was in the Anglosphere that the industrial revolution and parliamentary democracy first emerged, and it is there that they have most comfortably spread. Nor is it an accident that when French intellectuals and Malaysian prime ministers wish to denounce free markets, the phrase they use is "Anglo-Saxon capitalism."

The civilization Bennett has in mind extends far beyond the descendants of Angles and Saxons. "The Anglosphere, as a network civilization without a corresponding political form, has necessarily imprecise boundaries," he has written. "Geographically, the densest nodes of the Anglosphere are found in the United States and the United Kingdom, while Anglophone regions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Ireland, and South Africa are powerful and populous outliers. The educated English-speaking populations of the Caribbean, Oceania, Africa and India constitute the Anglosphere's frontiers."


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Bennett believes the Anglosphere is emerging on its own, but also thinks we can encourage its development. He favors a "network commonwealth," which he defines as "a set of cooperative associations such as trade areas, defense alliances, agreements for free personnel movement and other such integrative measures." Countries might, for example, introduce "sojourner" provisions into their immigration laws that would make it easier for residents to travel, work, and migrate throughout the Anglosphere (or at least those parts of it that maintain healthy border-security regimes).

These associations would not be exclusive. The United States would be free to reach free-trade agreements with its southern neighbors, and to maintain alliances with South Korea, Japan, etc. Britain would be able to develop its ties to continental Europe. The important proviso is that these external ties also be sufficiently loose to allow cooperation within the Anglosphere. If what Bennett envisions deserves to be called an "empire"—and he himself abjures the term—it is a very liberal one: an empire of freedom.

Bennett's Anglosphere is not a new version of the old idea of an Anglo-American co-dominion over the world. Nor is it a mere beefed-up "special relationship" between the U.K. and the U.S. And it is not a racial ideology. Indeed, Bennett believes that non-white diasporas within the Anglosphere—the Indian diaspora, for example—may be an important force that will bind it together. He writes, "Colin Powell is the first secretary of state in modern times with close relatives living in London. The threads of immigrant relationships which tie cousins in Sydney, Los Angeles, and London are in the process of becoming the family ties of the emerging Anglosphere."

This feature of the Anglosphere sets it apart from the Scandinavian countries. Only they rank higher in social trust. But that ranking is partly a result of their being relatively homogenous, closed societies. Those characteristics have enabled the Scandinavians to maintain functioning social democracies, but also make them less dynamic and influential than the English-speaking countries.

### THE ANGLOSPHERE AT WAR

Before 9/11, one might have pointed to such cultural trends as the increasing popularity of Indian (and Indian-diaspora) fiction as evidence of the emergence of an Anglosphere consciousness. Now such evidence seems superfluous. Tony Blair is the most admired foreign leader in America. The Australian government has been our next-most-dependable ally. The Irish government, though somewhat nervous about public opinion in the absence of a U.N. mandate, has also been friendly, and its officials have strongly criticized left-wing anti-Americanism.

As Bennett puts it, "The English-speaking nations form each other's natural first circle of cooperation." Neither President Bush nor Prime Minister Blair is a natural Anglospherist. Both leaders have been tempted to pursue strategies based on geog-

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raphy, in Bush's case hemispherist and in Blair's European. Australia, for that matter, has sometimes believed (or worried) that its future was with Asia. But especially in times of crisis, the Anglosphere falls back into the habit of working together. The great historian Robert Conquest points out that Australia and New Zealand are the only countries that have fought with the United States in all four of our major wars of the 20th century.

Canada may seem to be an exception to the rule of Anglosphere comity. Every few months officials in its government make some new annoying or obnoxious remark about American policy. But it should be noted that the Canadians were with us in Afghanistan, the first time since the Korean War that they have taken up the role of fighters rather than "peacekeepers." It is possible that they will join us in Iraq. Most interestingly, opinion polls suggest that a majority of Canadians outside Quebec support U.S. action in Iraq. Half of English Canadians want their country to participate. During the international anti-war protests in February, the crowd in Montreal was more than three times larger than in Toronto.

The explosion of web-based political commentary seems to have done its part to bring the Anglosphere together. Web links have more Americans reading British newspapers. National divisions have been unimportant among the "bloggers." "You don't see British bloggers vs. American bloggers," says Bennett, "but British and American and Australian pro-war and anti-war bloggers"—an Anglosphere Right and an Anglosphere Left, in other words. "And even though the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has a perfectly good English edition [online], it's probably linked to once for every 100 times that *The Spectator* or the *Times* [of London] is."

Bennett's theories have not quite taken the world by storm. "It's in a pre-movement stage," he concedes. But his ideas are spreading. He has presented a paper on the Anglosphere to the Foreign Policy Research Institute, and published it in the institute's journal, *Orbis*. The Anglo-American John O'Sullivan has written sympathetically of the Anglosphere, and given Bennett a regular column, "The Anglosphere Beat," for United Press International. The ubiquitous commentator Andrew Sullivan has adopted the term, and many of the concepts, of the Anglosphere. The biggest coup for the Anglospherists is the support of Margaret Thatcher. She has agreed to be a patron of an Anglosphere Institute if Bennett, O'Sullivan, and British blogger Iain Murray can get the funding for it.

Then there are the Anglosphere's fellow travelers. Robert Conquest proposed a political union of the English-speaking peoples in a recent book. That may be an excess of enthusiasm: Suspicion of centralized power and jealous concern for national sovereignty are Anglosphere traits. He also has a more promising idea: reviving the proposal, discussed by the governments of Lyndon Johnson and Harold Wilson, for a North Atlantic Free Trade Area. At the time, it was to include the U.K., America, Canada, and the European Free Trade Area. The Canadian conservative publisher Conrad Black may also count as an Anglospherist. A few years ago, he urged Britain to leave the European Union to join the North American Free Trade Agreement.

### AN IDEA AND ITS LIMITS

The Anglosphere idea is sufficiently new that it has not been widely critiqued. The inevitable PC attack on it has, however, already been previewed. A left-wing Canadian pundit warned about "the recent emergence of a racially tinged call for the world's English-speaking nations to disengage from the rest of humanity." This is, of course, to miss the point entirely, as left-wing Canadian pundits often do.

A more intelligent objection has been registered by Owen Harries, the former editor of *The National Interest*, in that journal.

**Anglospherists hold that shared values, similar institutions, overlapping histories, and social ties combine to align the interests of the wider civilization's constituent parts.**

Harries regards the Anglosphere's enthusiasts as an updated version of the Cliveden set. He takes them to be assuming the truth of a proposition that he denies: that cultural ties and shared values will "override hard calculations of material interests." When Australia's interests point in the opposite direction of its sympathies with England, its interests will win out.

If the Anglosphere were built wholly on sentiment, Harries's criticism would be fatal to it. But what Anglospherists actually hold is that shared values, similar institutions, overlapping histories, and social ties combine to align the interests of the wider civilization's constituent parts. This is very often true in the short term, as when the nations of the Anglosphere agreed in Afghanistan. And while some short-term interests will inevitably collide, these disagreements are no threat to an Anglosphere project that is willing to stop short of absorption into a single nation-state. Moreover, it is not the case that divergent short-term interests will always yield conflict; sometimes, they will yield to the larger civilizational imperative. The United Kingdom objected to the steel tariffs President Bush imposed last year, and Canada objected to his softwood-lumber tariffs. Whether these tariffs were, in fact, in America's interest may be doubted. But the important point here is that all three countries remain broadly in harmony on the subject of global free trade, and more supportive of free trade than most countries outside the Anglosphere.

Indeed, Harries's career may be taken as an illustration of the general alignment of interests within the Anglosphere. He is a Welshman, educated in England, who became a diplomat in Australia, and then ran a journal in America—called *The*


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*National Interest*, no less—without anyone's thinking there was anything odd about this trajectory. The life refutes the argument.

Other objections seem to me more persuasive. Four come to mind.

First: Bennett and his followers underestimate the cultural differences among the Anglosphere nations. Bennett thinks that America's belief in its own exceptionalism is overdone: "[T]he exceptionalist narrative cuts Americans off from their own history." The entire Anglosphere, he writes, "is recognizably evolved from Alfred's kingdom." Perhaps the narrative is a myth; but if so, it is one that retains a powerful hold on the American imagination and seems unlikely to be qualified by mere argument. Attempting to do so, indeed, may well provoke a negative reaction. It may be said that England's former colonies did not divide from it in order to reunite.

Second: As Bennett acknowledges, for the Anglosphere to guide the policy of states it must be a cause taken up by the Left as well as the Right. The prevalence of multiculturalism on the left will make that difficult—see that Canadian pundit, above. To the extent that the Anglosphere is, or is seen to be, an anti-European project, British Europhiles and American Democrats may shun it. The Democrats are themselves somewhat "European" in outlook, as the Euroskeptics tend to be "American," and they may think it salutary for America that Europe become a power capable of restraining it.

Third: Bennett's theory may be artificially attractive today because of fortuitous circumstances. How much of its appeal is based on the economic failure of Japan and continental Europe as compared with Britain, Ireland, and the U.S.? Is it inconceivable that the political cultures of France and Germany could change in a free-market and pro-American direction in 20 years—or even ten? Stranger things have happened. Few would have predicted 25 years ago that Ireland would become an economic dynamo.

Finally: How dead is the traditional Western alliance? O'Sullivan has argued, several times in these pages, that a vigorous American policy that is both pro-Europe and anti-EU could strengthen our friends across the Atlantic. The Anglosphere would be a fallback alliance if that policy failed—but would clearly be inferior.

This last concern suggests that the answer may be to follow both tracks simultaneously: to cultivate the Western alliance and build on the Anglosphere at once. These goals may seem to be in tension with each other, especially when it comes to American policy toward Britain. To attempt to woo it away from a tight embrace of Europe would be a provocative act. If England is absorbed into a European superstate, however, it will cease to be an effective Anglosphere beachhead within Europe. The project of European integration is a threat both to the Western alliance and to the Anglosphere alliance. Indeed, it is the chief threat, in both cases.

It should be noted that the theory against which I have briefly argued—that closer links to Britain should not be pursued for fear of alienating "Europe"—has been held by influential people. George W. Bush, for one. In an interview in December 1999, I asked him what he thought of the idea of inviting Britain to join NAFTA. He liked it, but worried about "upsetting the allies." Perhaps, given all that has passed between them and us in the interim, it is time for a rethink. **NR**

■ **SPECIAL**

# Objectivist Sex—and Politics

AN INTERVIEW WITH
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

*The early 1960s were a turning point for American conservatism. Would the movement be taken over by the paranoid fringe of the anti-Communist conspiracy theorists? Or would it be captivated by the inhuman yet relentless logic of Ayn Rand and her Objectivists? In his new novel, WFB takes us back to this crucial moment in the history of the American Right.*

**Q** Mr. Buckley, why did you write this book, *Getting It Right*?

**A** Because I wanted to write a story about politics, sex, and legendary American figures.

**Q** Legendary like who?

**A** Like whom.

**Q** Like whom.

**A** Like Senator Barry Goldwater, President Lyndon Johnson, General Edwin Walker, Ayn Rand, and Robert Welch.

**Q** Hey, slow down a minute. We all know who Senator Goldwater was—

**A** —Yes, but you don't know some things about him that I know.

**Q** That you know from personal observation? But this is a novel.

**A** That doesn't matter. The novel talks about things that actually happened when the conservative movement in America was shaping up, like the big struggle inside the Goldwater camp on whether to disavow the support of the John Birch Society and Robert Welch.

**Q** Robert Welch. The candy manufacturer?

**A** Well yes, in the sense that one might identify Abraham Lincoln as The Railsplitter.

**Q** Your Robert Welch, when he left the candy business, did what?

**A** He founded one of the most powerful political organizations in the postwar world. It was called the John Birch Society. It had 100,000 members and tried to influence public affairs, beginning with a drive to impeach Earl Warren, who was then Chief Justice of the United States.

**Q** Well, your Mr. Welch didn't get very far, did he? Who else did he go after?

**A** President Dwight Eisenhower.

**Q** What did he have against Ike?



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**A** Welch thought he was a secret agent of the Communist party.

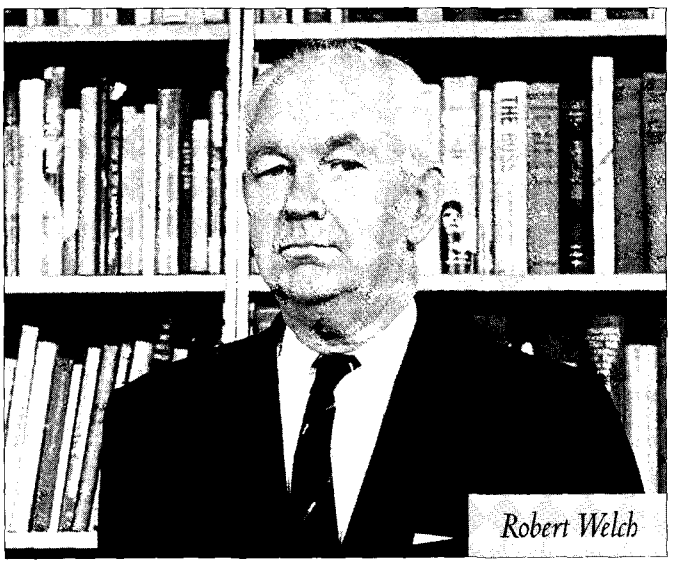
**Q** Holy God. (*Joking laughter.*) He didn't persuade anybody to believe that, did he? I mean, Mamie didn't believe it, did she?

**A** You're making fun of it, and I don't blame you. But the business about Ike being a Communist wasn't the central organizing principle of the John Birch Society. It was an anti-Communist society. It had a senior council of big figures in American industry. It had 30,000 chapters. Welch published books and magazines and wrote letters and gave speeches and high-powered two-day seminars. He persuaded a lot of Americans that the Soviet Union was winning the Cold War and that the reason for this was that the whole government of the United States was riddled with traitors and with men and women who were reconciled to Communist victory.

**Q** Well, that's hard to believe, but you said Senator Goldwater was reluctant to denounce the John Birch Society?

**A** He didn't want to single it out for denunciation in San Francisco when he was nominated for president. He only went so far as to denounce "extremists." There was a ton of pressure on him to name the John Birch Society, but he said he didn't want to do that, denouncing them meant denouncing some of his best supporters. As a matter of fact, his own campaign manager was a member of the John Birch Society. So was my mother.

*Ayn Rand*


*Robert Welch*

RAND: OSCAR WHITE/CORBIS WELCH: BETTMANN/CORBIS

**Q** How does that all figure in your novel?

**A** The 23-year-old protagonist of the novel worked full-time for the John Birch Society.

**Q** A kind of a dumb guy?

**A** Oh no! Woodroe Raynor was an honors graduate from Princeton. He had been on the spot when the Soviet tanks moved in on the Hungarian freedom fighters in 1956. Woodroe had been doing missionary work as a Mormon, and got shot by a Communist soldier a few days after losing his virginity to a Hungarian spy.

**Q** Maybe that was just punishment! . . . But did your hero believe that business about Ike and Warren being Communists?

**A** No, but he was like Goldwater, attracted to the society as a fighting anti-Communist organization—

**Q** Fighting what?

**A** Fighting appeasement in foreign policy, fighting Castro in Cuba, fighting the construction of the wall in Germany by Khrushchev, fighting Ho Chi Minh in Vietnam, fighting for the loyalty/security program in the Federal Government.

**Q** You mentioned Sex as an important feature in life—

**A** An important feature not "in life," in the life of Ayn Rand.

**Q** You're not saying sex is not an important feature in, well, just life. . . . I mean, you're not saying sex was important only for Ayn Rand, which by the way, who's she?

**A** Ayn Rand is the most widely read novelist in the history of the world.

**Q** You mean, more than *Gone With the Wind*, or John Grisham?

**A** Oh yes. Her major novel is *Atlas Shrugged*, and last year it sold 200,000 copies. It was published in 1957. Forty-five years ago.

**Q** So why does a novel play an important part in your book, and what is *Atlas Shrugged*, a sex book?

**A** Oh no, though it's true that Russell Kirk said people read *Atlas Shrugged* "for the fornicating bits." It is a great big novel with good guys and bad guys and the good guys are engaged in promoting a view of life. Ayn Rand called it Objectivism.

**Q** What was that?

**A** The philosophical position that the way to lead the right life is to acknowledge objective features in life, and to do everything you want, to act with pure concern for what your reason tells you to do, and to augment freedom by restraining government to the barest essentials of life, like policemen and firemen, preferably volunteer firemen.

**Q** How does this Objectivism figure in the novel?

**A** Well, the whole movement advanced a view that political arrangements should be anarchistic in character, i.e., in favor of repealing almost all existing laws and regulations.

**Q** How did Ayn Rand involve herself with Goldwater?

**A** When Goldwater wrote his book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, and headed toward the Republican nomination in San Francisco, Ayn Rand wrote him a letter volunteering to shape his political platform and his thinking.



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**Q** Did this have much of an effect on Goldwater?

**A** Well, he listened, but turned her down on the matter of religion—he didn't go along with her atheism. But Ayn Rand had Objectivist institutes all over the country, where they studied her philosophy, and her point of view—making personal self-seeking central to Objectivist political philosophy and scorning concern for others. "Altruism," Miss Rand called that—her fear was that Goldwater would nudge the conservative movement in that direction.

**Q** How did sex get into all that?

**A** Well, that became a big deal—*a very big deal*, as David Halberstam might put it. Ayn Rand's philosophy claimed that Objectivist reasoning, by elevating reason into total control of everything you do, say and think would make for perfect dominance of yourself, etc., etc. And then—

**Q** I can't stand the suspense.

**A** And then along came Nathaniel Branden.

**Q** From where?

**A** He was a handsome, precocious Canadian who, age 19, read the first major Ayn Rand novel, which was called *The Fountainhead*. He was truly smitten. I mean, not since St. Paul was there anything like it. He thought he had discovered the Holy Grail. He traveled to Los Angeles where the great lady was then living, just on the off chance of having ten minutes with her. Well, that resulted in a conversation, at her ranch house where she lived with her nice, compliant husband, lasting from about five in the afternoon when young Nathaniel arrived, until about five the following morning, when they finally said good night. Rand took a great liking to the bright young man, 25 years her junior. A couple of years later they were all living in New York City, Nathaniel and his new wife, and Ayn Rand and her husband. Nathaniel had become her chief associate and had founded a national institute to further her work, and he lectured on Objectivism in New York. When *Atlas Shrugged* was triumphantly published, he learned that the highest honor that could be paid him had happened: The great book she had been working on for 13 years was dedicated to two people, her mousy little husband—and Nathaniel Branden.

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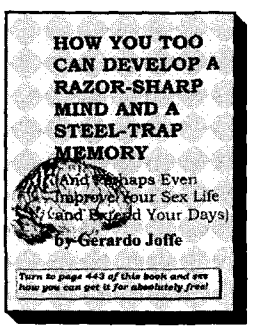
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(And Perhaps Even Improve Your Sex Life (and Extend Your Days))
by Gerardo Joffe

It is scientifically proven: Your brain is like a muscle. Sit in front of the tube with a six-pack and a bag of potato chips and it will turn flabby and quite useless. Exercise it vigorously and you will indeed be able to develop a razor-sharp mind and a steel-trap memory. There may even be a bonus of better sex and longer life. And, finally, a rigorously exercised brain will not develop Alzheimer's disease. This breakthrough book (soft cover, 454 pages, 8-1/2" x 11" format) will be your trainer and monitor to your new well-developed brain.

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**Q** Did that lead to you-know-what?

**A** I'll say. She decided they had to sleep together to fulfill Objectivist destiny. So she rounded up Nathaniel, Nathaniel's wife, and her own husband, and told them all jointly that she would be sleeping with Nathaniel one day every week.

**Q** That doesn't sound like an all-consuming romance.

**A** But it was. Then things happened, and readers get a good look at the inside story because Woodroe, the young Princeton graduate working for the John Birch Society, has a girl friend, an ardent Jewish anti-Communist who works full-time for Nathaniel Branden and his Institute. She shares an apartment with Woodroe, and argues that Ayn Rand's Objectivism is the best way to forward the conservative movement, while he pursues the Birchite line.

**Q** So?

**A** Yes, back to sex. Well, some time after *Atlas* is published, Ayn Rand has a psychological depression. For a couple of years, she suspends the sexual union with Nathaniel. But then her passion returns. But something awful has happened: Nathaniel is on to another lady, 25 years younger than the goddess of Objectivism. He figures he just has to tell Ayn the truth—that there is somebody else—and a scene shapes up of the highest theatrical drama: The two couples, Mr. and Mrs. Ayn Rand, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Branden, meet in Ayn Rand's sacred study with one close friend and associate of both parties. Speaking nervously from notes, to make certain he says it *just right*, Nathaniel Branden tells Ayn Rand that he has—somebody else. Well, in the history of Women Scorned, there was nobody could *touch* Ayn Rand scorned. She denounces Nathaniel, she anathematizes his male organ, she screams that he is a traitor, she announces that she will withdraw his name from *Atlas Shrugged*'s dedication page, she says that she will abolish the Nathaniel Branden Institute and will attempt to block a pending book on psychology by Branden. The people in that room have never seen anything like it, not even on screen, let alone in the studio of the same woman who has founded a philosophy based on reason who has time and again asserted that she never lost control of herself or said anything that was less than a reflection of her absolutely ordered reason.

**Q** Sounds like quite a scene. But what do we get out of that, other than that it was a hell of a scene coming from that goddess of reason?

**A** Woodroe hears about what happened from his girl friend Leonora, who is close to Barbara Branden—they work in the same office. Leonora finds herself questioning this philosophy of *Atlas Shrugged* that she so much admired, and edges out of the Objectivist movement, quitting her job. Meanwhile Woodroe studies the current issue of the John Birch Society magazine. It features one of those long letters by Robert Welch to the faithful. What Welch is saying this time around is that there is no point in giving aid to South Vietnam in an effort to help the anti-Communists because our leadership in Washington is so overrun by Communists, the cause would be betrayed. What you had got here is what Sam Tanenhaus, the author and historian, called "the complex ways in which Randism and Birchism formed an unintended interlocking collaboration which looked for a time as if it might pitch the Right into permanent oblivion; instead the crisis was met and mastered into a mature, nuanced conservative movement."

**Q** Your book tells how the Republican party—

**A** —and the conservative movement—

**Q** —I was going to say, how the Republican party and, yes, the conservative movement back then repelled two philosophical and political boarding parties which might have stunted its future development—

**A** —and would have left the country bereft of Ronald Reagan and other nice things.

**Q** Okay. But you forgot to tell us who General Walker was.

**A** To begin with, he was a war hero. But by the time he was given his command in West Germany he got caught up in the Birchite movement and gave his staff to read the stuff the Society was issuing, which suggested that a lot of people were traitors, that kind of thing. He was caught doing this and was removed from his command. That was a big Page One story: DEFENSE DEPARTMENT FIRES/NOTED ANTI-COMMUNIST GENERAL. What he then did was resign his commission, return to Texas, run for governor, and lose. Then he went to Ole Miss and got caught up in the turmoil over the integration of the first black student, was arrested on the explicit orders of Attorney General Bobby Kennedy. He returned to Dallas and a little while later, seated at his desk while talking to Woodroe Raynor, my protagonist, a bullet whizzed just by his ear. It was fired by the same man, the world later found out, who a few months later, again in Dallas, fired the shot that killed President John F. Kennedy.

**Q** Does the death of the president figure in your book?

**A** Marginally. Just how, you'll have to read *Getting It Right* to find out.

**Q** Okay, okay.

**A** . . . at your bookstore. Or if you want a signed copy, write to me at NATIONAL REVIEW, enclosing a check for $24.95, plus $3 shipping and handling. **NR**

**She decided they had to sleep together to fulfill Objectivist destiny. So she rounded up Nathaniel, Nathaniel's wife, and her own husband, and told them all jointly that she would be sleeping with Nathaniel one day every week.**



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# the long view

ROB LONG

**Transcript from *Larry King Live*, May 23rd, 2003**

**LARRY KING:** "Hello! You're on the air with Sonya Griff-Martine and Howard Zeiff, a couple of former human shields! What's your question?"

**CALLER:** "Hi. I'd like to know if either one of them was scared at any time during the recent conflict?"

**LARRY KING:** "What about it? Were you scared? Was there some fear?"

**HOWARD:** "Nope."

**LARRY KING:** "Really? During the entire time, no fear, no regrets?"

**SONYA:** "Absolutely not, Larry. Absolutely not. We weren't afraid, Larry, we were proud."

**HOWARD:** "Totally proud."

**SONYA:** "Those were the proudest 79 minutes of my entire life, Larry."

**HOWARD:** "Mine too, Larry. No regrets."

**LARRY KING:** "Not even when the bombs were dropping?"

**HOWARD:** "Nope. Not even then. It's important to remember, Larry, that we believed in what we were trying to do."

**SONYA:** "Still do. Still do."

**LARRY KING:** "Boy. Loads of courage here, let me tell you. And so you guys were chained together . . ."

**SONYA:** "Right. Right."

**LARRY KING:** "And what were you shielding?"

**HOWARD:** "I believe it was an anthrax factory, Larry."

**LARRY KING:** "An anthrax factory? For making anthrax?"

**SONYA:** "That's unclear, at this point, because the U.N. inspectors were not allowed to actually finish their jobs."

**HOWARD:** "In the rush to war."

**LARRY KING:** "From Albany, Missouri, you're on the air with Sonya Griff-Martine and Howard Zeiff, former human shields! What's your question?"

**CALLER:** "I'm wondering if the experience drew you guys closer together?"

**LARRY KING:** "Good question. What about it? Love? Romance? Iraq?"

**SONYA:** "You know, what's interesting is that Howard and I didn't know each other before we became human shields."

**HOWARD:** "We were both in committed relationships with other human shields at the time and it just sort of happened . . ."

**LARRY KING:** "Hey, I been there, my friends. Could sing a few bars of that!"

**SONYA:** "Well, at the time I was pretty unfulfilled with my partner. I guess I thought that, you know, being shields together would bring us closer. Boy, was I wrong. He got into this real bad space and just became too toxic for me to deal with."

**LARRY KING:** "Was there abuse?"

**SONYA:** "No, I mean he literally became toxic. He was shielding a dirty-bomb facility. But it wasn't like things were going great between us before that."

**HOWARD:** "And then Sonya and I got chained together to shield the anthrax plant, and we got to talking. Turns out we had so much in common. And I wasn't happy with my current lady at the time, either. She was making a big deal about her vegan diet, which was real, real hard for the Iraqis to accommodate, and her pillow wasn't hypoallergenic, and she's lactose intolerant, so it was basically like she was just kind of complaining a lot and kind of embarrassing me—"

**LARRY KING:** "High maintenance?"

**HOWARD:** "Yeah, you know? I mean, I was like, 'Tina, we're guests in this country. We're guest human shields, okay? Just deal.' And she was all, 'Howard, you totally don't respect my needs.' And I was like, 'Teen, I do respect them, but we're ambassadors of our country here and we need to fit into their culture,' and it just went on from there. She was assigned to shield the political-prisoner torture camp and I was assigned to the anthrax factory and that was really the last time we talked. I got an e-mail from her the other day, and she's back in Seattle working at the BreadWorks & JavaRoaster, so she's cool."

**SONYA:** "She's actually organizing a shielders trip to North Korea. They have some stuff to be shielded there, I guess. And I think one of the TV networks is going to make it into a reality thing, you know?"

**HOWARD:** "So maybe we'll end up going there."

**LARRY KING:** "And now you and Sonya are married?"

**SONYA:** "Yeah, yeah. Cute story, actually. We both forgot to bring our sunblock to the anthrax factory, so we were like, broiling out there. And about five hours into it, we both sort of passed out in the sun. And then by the time we woke up, we were in one of those army medical tents—"

**HOWARD:** "Like on *M*A*S*H*?"

**SONYA:** "'Cause, like, the army wasn't going to bomb the anthrax factory anyway, because, like, then anthrax would get all over the place, I guess . . ."

**LARRY KING:** "And your Iraqi hosts?"

**HOWARD:** "Didn't see them."

**SONYA:** "Anyway, this cool army chaplain or whatever . . ."

**HOWARD:** "Like on *M*A*S*H*?"

**SONYA:** ". . . he offered to marry us and so we were both, whoa, could be cool, so we did it."

**LARRY KING:** "San Onofre, California, you're on with the human shields! Hello!"

**CALLER:** "Hi, Larry, I'd like to know if either one of them felt hassled or if they were interrogated by anyone after they were rescued."

**SONYA:** "Um, okay, we weren't rescued, okay?"

**HOWARD:** "We were revived, really. From sunstroke."

**SONYA:** "You know, Larry, there's this idea now that since the war went by so fast, and since the Iraqis seemed so happy to be quote unquote liberated, that we human shields have something to apologize for or something to be ashamed of, and that's just totally untrue."

**HOWARD:** "Ask the Iraqis in a couple of years what it's like not to have the free health care they had under Saddam. I'm just saying."

**LARRY KING:** "So no interrogations? No debriefing?"

**SONYA:** "Of course not. I mean, why would they? We don't know anything."

**LARRY KING:** "Tomorrow night! Gary Coleman for the whole hour!"



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# HELP!!!!

## Is this the picture of the week?

ARBEN CELI/REUTERS

*An Albanian man smokes a cigarette as his wife carries hay. In rural Albania, women traditionally do the chores, while men . . . don't. To do so would be a sign of weakness, emasculating.*

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### It Begins

*Like the first drops of a storm*
*Or the drip of chloroform*
*In a bottle to relax*
*Insects noted for attacks,*
*Fighters take out missiles; while*
*(Tony's gone the extra mile)*
*Brits command U.S. Marines—*
*With no Monty making scenes.*

—W. H. von Dreele



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NEWS ITEM: HISPANICS STOPPED, SEARCHED MORE OFTEN THAN WHITES

# Or are these the pictures of the week?

HENRI BUREAU/CORBIS

*A certain now-president of France and a certain now-supremo of Iraq, in the mid 1970s*



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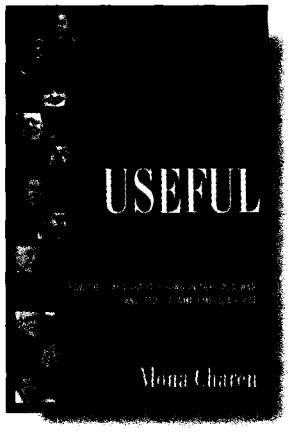
# Annals of Ignominy




*Useful Idiots: How Liberals Got It Wrong in the Cold War and Still Blame America First*, by Mona Charen (Regnery, 308 pp., $27.95)

JAY NORDLINGER

We're a forward-looking people, we Americans. That's a good thing, no doubt. We do not glance back, but keep our eye on today, and on the bright future.

That's lucky for the Left, because they have gotten away with murder over the years. They can say or do whatever they like, no matter how silly, repugnant, or treasonable. And all is forgiven, not even remembered. Does it work this way for the Right? I don't think so. In some ways, Sen. McCarthy—Joe, not Gene—is more with us today than when he was alive, drinkin' and accusin'. I once said, only half-jokingly, that my education in American history consisted of Jim Crow, Japanese internment, and McCarthyism—year after year.

And Charles Lindbergh never quite recovered from his pre-1939 softness on the Nazis, even with a kidnapped and murdered baby.

But fools or knaves of the Left? They simply glide on.

Take something quite recent. Before President Bush withdrew from the ABM treaty, many people said that the sky would fall—that an American withdrawal would inflame Moscow, begin a new arms race, lead to Armageddon. Such politicians as Joe Biden were hysterical on the subject. Then Bush went ahead and withdrew—and there was hardly a ripple. The administration just proceeded with SDI. Biden and other Democrats were more offended for Moscow than Putin was, which was embarrassing—or should have been—for the Democrats.

But no one ever goes back, holding pundits, analysts, and pols to account. We just "move on," as Bill Clinton and his people like to say. Moving on is a very fine thing to do, when we do so chastened, enlightened, and better. But that's not the kind of moving on Clinton et al. are talking about.

One who is not content to move on—just yet—is Mona Charen, the conservative columnist. Her new book, *Useful Idiots*, looks back at the Cold War, recording—excruciatingly and mercilessly—who said or did what, when. This is supposed to be verboten. Taboo. It's no fair, this going back. We're all Cold Warriors now, don't you know, in the collective, and cockeyed, memory. Just as every Frenchman was a Resistance fighter after 1945, we all get to be Cold Warriors now. Even McGovern, I suppose.

Early on—that is, soon after the collapse of the Soviet Union—Ronald Reagan caught wind of this and didn't like it. He spoke at the 1992 Republican convention, one of his final appearances. Noting that speakers at the Democratic convention had said "We won the Cold War," repeatedly and formulaically, the ex-president quipped, "What do you mean, 'we'?" Exactly.

But two presidential elections later, Democratic candidate Bill Bradley was saying, "Until the fall of the Berlin Wall, we were sure about one thing: We knew where we stood on foreign policy." This is brazen revisionism. As Michael Barone remarked in a recent *National Journal* essay, the Democratic party effectively gave up on the Cold War after 1972. And it was often outright hostile to the Republicans' determination to stick with it.

Mona Charen has the goods, on everybody. She doesn't shrink from calling a Red a Red, a fellow-traveler a fellow-traveler, and a naïf a naïf. It is sort of stunning to see her go. Fear of the charge of "McCarthyism" is supposed to stay our hands. Time after time, an obit of a Communist is published in the *New York Times*. And we read that the deceased had been an "activist," a "progressive," maybe even a "radical"—but it seems bad form, somehow, to identify him as a Communist, or to remember him as a servant of Stalin, or of "Fidel." (They're still serving him.)

I must confess that there are merits in not going back—it allows you to get on with life, less troubled. To read what liberals—not the hard Left, but standard liberals—said when the Khmer Rouge came to power is sickening. Sickening. And if you know what Jane Fonda did in Vietnam, how can you look at her in a workout tape, or in a movie? If you know what Peter Jennings said about Nicaragua, how can you watch ABC News? Charen uses an epigram from Saul Bellow, for one of her chapters: "A great deal of intelligence can be invested in ignorance when the need for illusion is great."

In these pages, all the episodes, all the figures, come vividly back. Helen Caldicott, Jonathan Schell, Carl Sagan, Jason Robards, Samantha Smith. (Remember her? The girl who wrote the letter to Andropov, and who was later asked to question the Democratic presidential candidates?) I'd forgotten that Sen. Alan Cranston based his entire campaign on the nuclear freeze. The man who beat him, Walter Mondale, said, "The fact is that four years of Ronald Reagan has made this world more dangerous. Four more will take us closer to the brink." Les Aspin, a fairly moderate Democrat, once sighed, "It ought to be possible to

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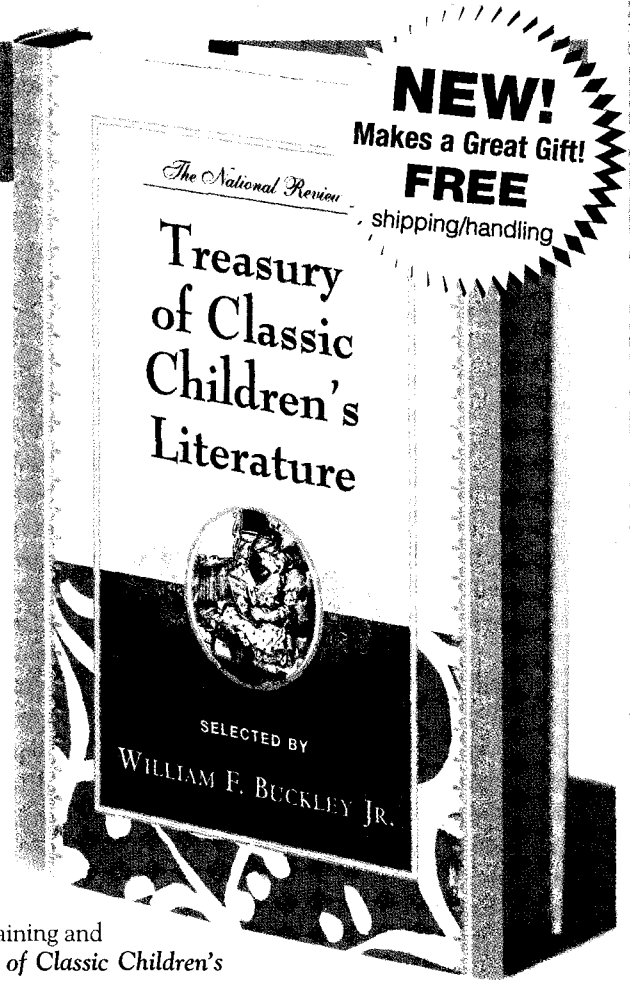


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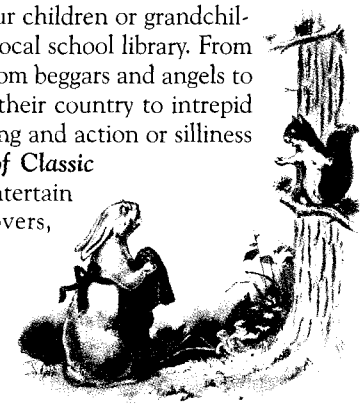

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stake out a position to the left of Reagan and not be crazy about it." But it often seemed not to be.

And the Nicaragua debate? To relive it is to shudder. What Chris Dodd, Tom Harkin, and David Bonior did was not a matter of naïveté; it was more like—dare one say?—a choosing of sides. Dodd and company were quite proud of what they were doing, holding themselves out as Good Gringos who knew the region. Dodd warned stuffy old anti-Communists that they were standing against "the tide of history." Byron Dorgan—usually considered moderate and level-headed—muttered about "state-sponsored terrorism." Reagan's, that is.

As I perused this book, I sometimes thought, "How'd we ever get through it? How'd we ever persevere, with those media, and those politics?" More specifically, "How did Andy Young get to be U.N. ambassador?" He had been a brave and admirable civil-rights leader. But then he embraced the line that, while the West had "political" rights, the East prized "economic" ones. And "Cuba is in Africa because it really has shared in a sense of colonial oppression and domination." Castro's troops brought "a stability and order to Angola."

**The subjects of this book should really have to answer it. Not just the clear lefties, but the mainstreamers.**

Moreover, the U.S. had no business complaining to Moscow about its treatment of dissidents, for "we also have hundreds, maybe thousands, of people in our jails that I would call political prisoners."

Mr. Young preceded Jeane Kirkpatrick and Vernon Walters as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations.

Indicted in this book are not merely stalwarts of the Left—the real, true, forthright, unambiguous Left: I. F. Stone, Ramsey Clark, Oliver Stone. No, what's really appalling is the record of the mainstreamers, many of whom still lead the opinion-making class: Jennings, Barbara Walters, the boys at *60 Minutes*. They should have to deal with this book, really. They should have to answer it. They should either defend themselves or repent. Some do, you know—very few, but some. William Shawcross, for example.

Mona Charen has given us something invaluable. We should put it on the shelf next to *The Black Book of Communism*, that thick catalogue of crimes. We will be mining *Useful Idiots* for years, to set memory right. To score points, yes—but to uphold history, too. Charen writes with energy, indignation, and heart. She can turn a phrase. I give you, "Ted Koppel, an exquisitely tuned instrument of the conventional wisdom . . . " She should be grouped with Peter Collier, David Horowitz, and Ronald Radosh as a writer who put the Left—including flighty, mainstream liberalism—on record.

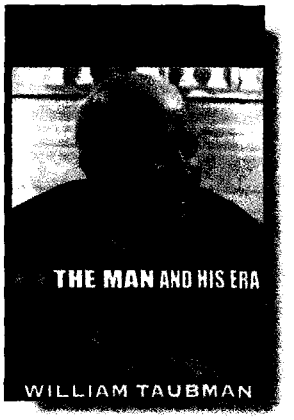
Of course, useful idiocy is still with us. Think of Bonior and another Democratic congressman, Jim McDermott, in Baghdad. You would expect Oliver Stone to make a hagiographic documentary of Castro, and to hail that dictator as "a very moral man," wouldn't you? But how about Steven Spielberg? He's no Stone. He is America's Greatest Creative Genius, and just a Hollywood liberal. Nothing Red about him, presumably.

And yet he called a session he enjoyed with Castro—one of the bloodiest, most repressive dictators on the planet—"the most important eight hours of my life." And he didn't mean that in a critical way.

Not long ago, I had a gentle argument with a great man, Armando Valladares, the author of *Against All Hope*, the truth-teller many refer to as "the Cuban Solzhenitsyn." He looks forward to the day when Cuba is free, and all is exposed. He thinks it will be like 1945 in Germany, when American troops liberated the camps and saw the crematoria—and settled all questions. Armando is fairly licking his chops. "They'll see!"

No, they won't. They can see now, if they choose. But they do something quite different. I'm afraid that Armando Valladares, if he and we live that long, will be disappointed. But probably someone like Mona Charen will come along to write it all down, for those who care. **NR**

# The Whole Shoe-Bang




*Khrushchev: The Man and His Era*, by William Taubman (Norton, 768 pp., $35)

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

THE further Soviet Communism recedes into history, the more bewildering the whole experiment appears. Portentously claiming to be changing human nature, the Soviet Union and its satellites in fact were a mechanism for self-impoverishment, political malfunctioning, and secret-police brutality. How could intelligent people have collaborated in this man-made disaster maintained in the face of reality itself?

Lenin and Stalin had the power to deceive the masses and compel obedience through terror. Their immediate successor is the subject of this important new biography: Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, in many ways a more complex character than either of the two calculating mass-murderers who had put Communism into place. In the Cold War years between 1953 and 1964, he kept the Soviet system going. Disillusioned—after his downfall—about having dedicated his life to the cause of the Soviet Union, he

**Mr. Pryce-Jones is an NR senior editor. Among his books is *The War That Never Was: The Fall of the Soviet Empire 1985–1991*.**



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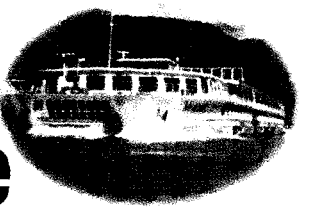

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| Thurs./May 8 | Budapest | | 4:30PM | afternoon seminar<br>evening cocktail reception |
| Fri./May 9 | Bratislava, Slovakia | 9:30AM | 2:00PM | afternoon seminar<br>late-night smoker |
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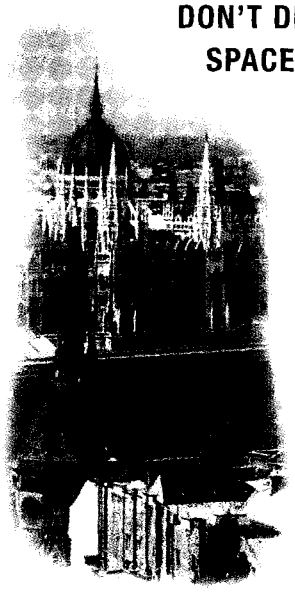

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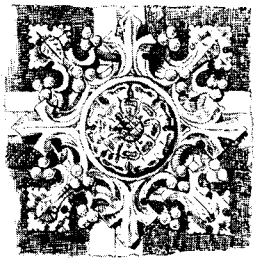
almost came to accept that the whole system was wrong and beyond repair. Some years later, Mikhail Gorbachev's comparable efforts to rectify Communism's inherent flaws completed the process of reform that had begun with Khrushchev, and that was bound to end in the return of Russians and other enforced Communists to the everyday world.

The figure of Stalin seemed to hypnotize Khrushchev, demanding his admiration while simultaneously petrifying him. Assiduously he worked his way into Stalin's inner circle, willing to be a tool, even a toady. It speaks badly for Khrushchev that Stalin promoted him during the Great Terror of the late Thirties. Appointed in 1938 first secretary of the Ukraine—Stalin's viceroy there, in author William Taubman's phrase—by 1940 he had had arrested 165,565 people, most of whom would die in Gulag. At the end of his life, Khrushchev was asked what he regretted. He replied: "My arms are up to the elbows in blood. That is the most terrible thing that lies in my soul."



In the exercise of power, Stalin made sure to humiliate those on whom he depended. Khrushchev was squat and tubby, bald, prone to go red in the face with emotion, and to perspire. In the Kremlin or at his dacha, Stalin would insist that the ungainly Khrushchev entertain the others by dancing the gopak, the Ukrainian dance that has to be done athletically on the heels, knees bent, the leg muscles taking the strain. Stalin had to wipe away tears of laughter at the court clown's performance. Nobody took Khrushchev seriously. He himself remembered how Stalin had warned that the Western imperialists would strangle his successors "like kittens." After Stalin's death, this unlikely careerist ambushed his colleagues and rivals. His ambition, it turned out, stopped at nothing. In short order he disposed of everyone in his way, arranging for the arrest and judicial execution of Lavrenti Beria, head of the secret police and a deadly opponent—"our Himmler," as Stalin once genially called him. Khrushchev was afraid that Beria would get him if he didn't get Beria first. It was a copybook illustration of Stalinist tactics.

Hardly 18 months later, Khrushchev stood before the entire Communist elite at a party congress in 1956 and spoke realistically about Stalin. Not the whole truth, but some of it at last. Stalin, he told the congress, had been a cruel man. During Stalin's reign, "mass arrests and deportation of thousands and thousands of people, and executions without trial or normal investigation, created insecurity, fear, and even desperation." This, Taubman rightly comments, was the bravest and most reckless thing Khrushchev ever did; furthermore, says Taubman, "the Soviet regime never fully recovered, and neither did he." Everyone in that audience—and in the world at large once the news was out—knew well the essential role he had himself played in the horrors he was denouncing.

Other bouts of recklessness filled the headlines of his time. Khrushchev loved to boast that the Soviet Union would soon overtake the U.S. in all respects. "Whether you like it or not, history is on our side. We will bury you," he exclaimed in one notorious outburst. Menace never quite faded from the atmosphere around him. To Western leaders, he frequently brandished the prospect of a nuclear war that would leave little or nothing of their countries. It was bluff; the Soviet Union did not have the requisite missiles. At the same time, he was cutting the defense budget, and ceaselessly demanding bans on weapon-testing, and summit meetings in pursuit of peace. A pet notion of his was to challenge the U.S. to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany, which he fancied would lead to the absorption by the Communists of West Berlin. This ploy in fact ended in the building of the Berlin Wall, evidence in brick and barbed wire of the moral and social failure of Communism.

Most dangerous of all his bluffs was the attempt to install nuclear missiles in Cuba in 1962. It was an axiom of his, much repeated, that those with weak nerves would go to the wall. At their first encounters, he felt that he was a stronger personality than Kennedy, and could browbeat him. Lyndon Johnson put it unkindly: "Khrushchev scared the poor little fellow dead."

Khrushchev believed that the weapons could be whisked into Cuba unobserved. This was wishful thinking, and poor maneuvering; he lacked a fallback position, so once detected, he could only retreat. Whatever his bluster, he was not about to pull the nuclear trigger. Kennedy handled the crisis firmly and skillfully. Fidel Castro, it should never be forgotten, urged Khrushchev to have a nuclear exchange rather than withdraw the missiles.

William Taubman has made himself an authority on Khrushchev, absorbing a large literature, and interviewing Russians and others with memories of the man. Long as it is, his book is most readable, with the narrative drive of a good novel, mercifully free from all jargon, though backed up by over 150 pages of footnotes. For him, Khrushchev is a study in contradictions—someone unsophisticated, cunning rather than clever; well-intentioned but still capable of mass murder; self-deceived, and therefore deceiving of others; outwardly rude and angry because fundamentally insecure about himself. Taubman makes the point that Khrushchev took refuge from these contradictions in sentimentality about Communism and about himself: In his own eyes, he always meant well.

Khrushchev was the son of poor peasants. This background

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So much of what we live goes on inside—
The diaries of grief, the tongue-tied aches
Of unacknowledged love are no less real
For having passed unsaid. What we conceal
Is always more than what we dare confide.
Think of the letters that we write our dead.

—DANA GIOIA



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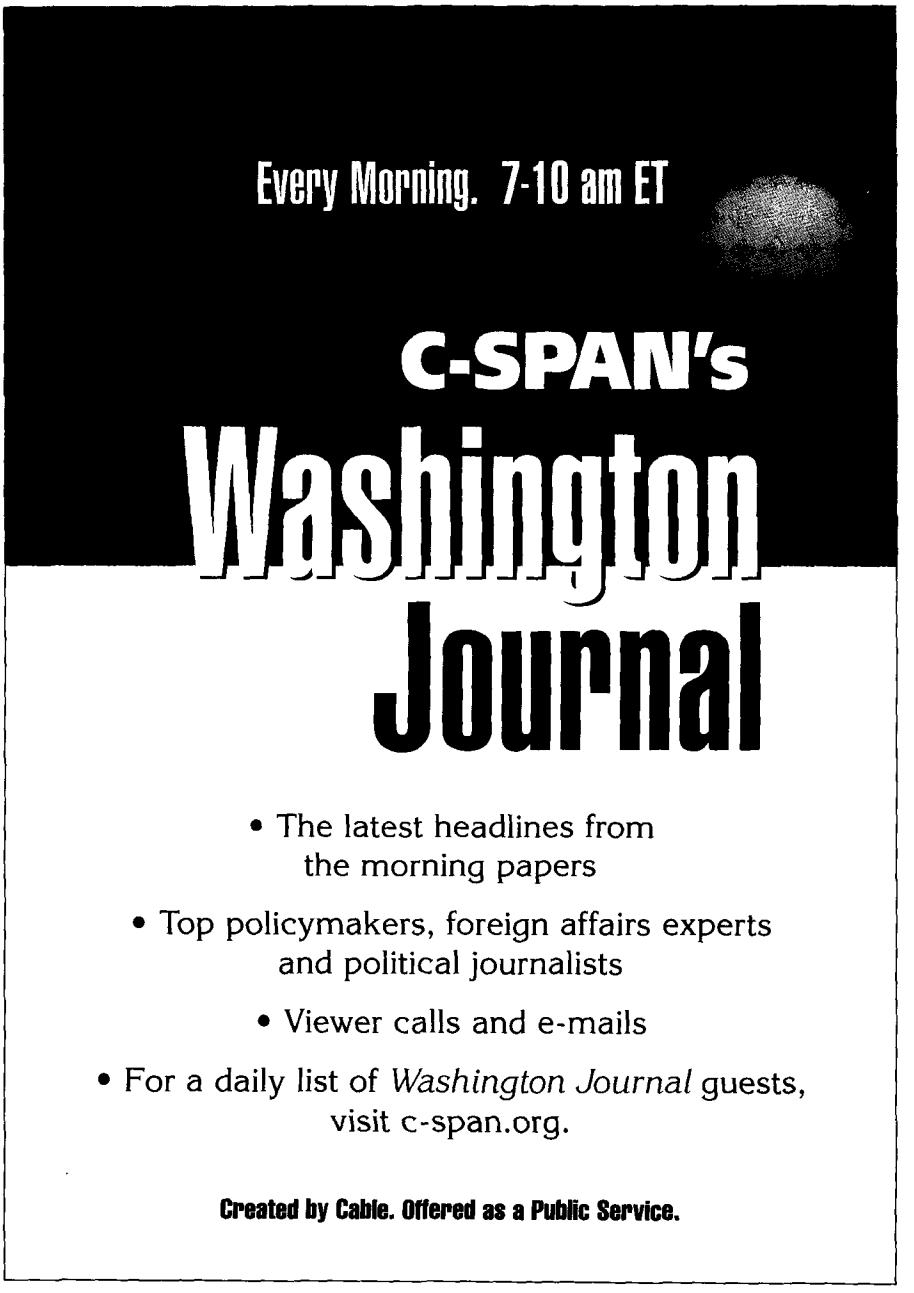
prompted him to see himself as an expert in agriculture, and he was never happier than when touring the countryside to hector about weather and crops. But his cherished farm programs were not successful; and it was not human error or laziness, as he held, but collective farming itself that produced one poor harvest after another.

After his village years, young Nikita became a metalworker; he presented himself later as an engineer or technician. He delighted in *Sputnik* and other feats of Soviet science. He was resentfully aware, though, that he had missed out on formal education, and the social graces that went with it. Rather touchingly, he once revealed that in the aftermath of the 1917 revolution he caught sight of photographs of ballerinas, and was shocked at what he took to be pornography. At banquets or receptions, he was never quite sure how to use the cutlery. In the presence of anyone with poise and manners, East Coast Americans especially, he soon felt inferior and played up his crudeness as a cover. Leading a Soviet delegation to Geneva, he fretted about wearing a white tie, only to conclude, "If they want to talk with workers, they had better get used to us."

Khrushchev's earthy language came straight from his youth, and Taubman has many happy examples. Time and again when under pressure, Khrushchev returned to a story about poor little Pinya, the saddest of sad sacks, who unexpectedly got his stronger comrades out of a tight spot: "That little Pinya, that's me." He had a special rustic line in animal images—for instance, saying that the U.S. needed a fight over Berlin "like a dog needs five legs," or asking, "What if we throw a hedgehog down Uncle Sam's pants?" Scatology came naturally to him, with plentiful references to all parts of the body and their functions. Berlin, he said as he put the political squeeze on it, was "the testicles of the West." Or again, "If Adenauer pulls down his pants and you look at him from behind you can see Germany is divided. If you look at him from the front, you can see Germany will not stand."

Of course Western statesmen were appalled. They saw before them a man too impetuous and emotional to be predictable, famously banging his shoe to grab attention at the United Nations, a monster in waiting. Mao Tse-tung, too, was appalled; Sino-Soviet relations were never to recover from Khrushchev's tactlessness. Khrushchev ardently supported national liberation movements, but only because he sensed new openings for Soviet imperialism. Nasser and other Third World leaders were rightly suspicious. Proto-destalinization led to the Hungarian revolution of 1956, and in the so-called "Thaw" of the early Sixties Khrushchev further rocked the boat by permitting publication of books by critical authors, including Solzhenitsyn. Khrushchev's energy had been impressive, but scattered, and disturbing. By the time of the Cuban crisis his colleagues had had enough; in 1964, they ousted him.

Excluded and depressed, Khrushchev spent the rest of his life drafting versions of his memoirs. Was it his fault or Communism's that someone who thought so well of himself now had to live with the harm he had done? It is Taubman's admirable feat to have brought vividly to life the unusual man who once held the world's fate in his awkward hands—so vividly indeed that at this distance we can even feel some sympathy for him and the contradictions he lived out. **NR**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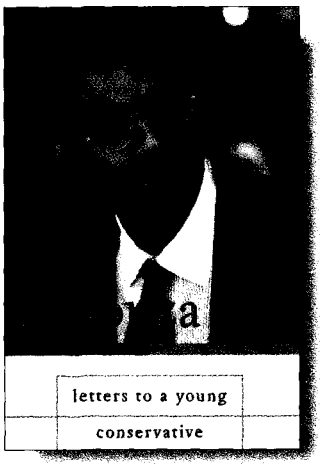
# Campus Crusader for Conservatism




*Letters to a Young Conservative*,
by Dinesh D'Souza
(Basic, 224 pp., $22)

SARAH MASERATI

Few college conservatives in the past 20 years can have missed a Dinesh D'Souza visit to their campus. My opportunity came when I was a freshman (not *so* long ago). We in the Yale Conservative Party hosted him for dinner, during which we astounded him with our right-wingedness. Naturally, we took his astonishment as a badge of honor, young Turks that we were.

D'Souza has spent month after month traveling around the country to speak to college and high-school kids, infuriating the campus Left and invigorating the few on the right. There is no person better suited to this task, for D'Souza has never lost the high energy and mischievous spirit of his *Dartmouth Review* days; one might say he is the Peter Pan of the Right. He obviously enjoys his peripatetic rabble-rousing, but it is an avenue without much glory, and we should all be thankful for his service to conservatism. No other person of his generation has done more to inspire young conservatives.

And so it comes as no surprise that Basic Books chose D'Souza to write *Letters to a Young Conservative*, part of its "Art of Mentoring" series. (Other books in the series include *Letters to a Young Contrarian*, by Christopher Hitchens, and *Letters to a Young Activist*, by Todd Gitlin.) We're far from Rilke here, but the idea is nonetheless a good one.

*Letters to a Young Conservative* could just as well have been titled "Dinesh D'Souza's Greatest Hits." There are 31 short "letters" to "Chris," his correspondent, with titles like "Pig Wrestling at Dartmouth," "How to Harpoon a Liberal," "Speaking as a Former Fetus . . .," "Family Values Since Oedipus," and "Who Cares About the Snail Darter?" This is D'Souza at his best—polemical, witty, and rapier-sharp. He has given us a sort of conservative cheat-sheet: All the arguments can be found here—against big government, feminism, postmodernism, affirmative action, judicial activism, gay marriage, anti-globalization, gun control, and so on. It will be useful for college students who need solid arguments at the tips of their fingers.

One source of the strength of D'Souza's book is that he was not a conservative when he arrived at Dartmouth, but was pushed in that direction by the radicalism he experienced on campus. He found a mentor in NR senior editor Jeffrey Hart, who was a professor at Dartmouth and remains instrumental to the *Dartmouth Review*. D'Souza's experience in the early 1980s rings true today: Very few students enter college as ideological conservatives, but left-wing campuses may turn them out that way.

Hart's brash, unapologetic conservatism, and his prankishness, inspired D'Souza (and, it must be said, a whole generation of Dartmouth graduates). D'Souza gives us a colorful description of his favorite professor:

> He wore a long raccoon coat around campus, and he smoked long pipes with curvaceous stems. He sometimes wore buttons that said things such as "Soak the Poor." In his office he had a wooden, pincer-like device that he explained was for the purpose of "pinching women that you don't want to touch." Rumor had it that he went to faculty meetings with his wooden-hand contraption. When a dean or professor went on and on, Hart would churn the rotary device and the fingers on the wooden hand would drum impatiently in a clacking motion, as if to say, "Get on with it."

Hart's outrageousness rubbed off on D'Souza, whose intellectual high jinks livened up the Dartmouth campus. *Letters to a Young Conservative* retells some of these amusing tales. But the tales offer more than mere entertainment; they point, D'Souza believes, to an important lesson for campus conservatives. "If the existing society is inherently hostile to conservative beliefs," D'Souza writes, "the conservative must stop being conservative. . . . He must be philosophically conservative but temperamentally radical." And this, I think, is where D'Souza begins to get it wrong.

To be sure, conservative newspapers are stolen from time to time on campus, and classes such as "Black Feminisms" lead the impressionable astray. But, by and large, campuses are much less radical than they were during D'Souza's college years. The paradigmatic college student is not the rebel, but what *The Weekly Standard*'s David Brooks has dubbed the "organization kid": serious, driven, submissive, and leery of controversy. The "scorched earth" policy of the 1980s *Dartmouth Review*, if emulated today, might only result in shunting conservative issues to the fringes of campus life; conservatives could end up as marginal to student life as the anti-Starbucks and anti-globalization protesters.

That being said, the organization kids do need to raise *some* Cain; and they could probably do with some prodding in this regard from the likes of D'Souza. He writes "Chris": "Where to start? Conduct a survey to find out how many professors in the religion department believe in God. Distribute a pamphlet titled 'Feminist Thought' that is made up of blank pages. Establish a Society for Creative Homophobia. . . . Put a picture of death-row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal on your Web site and instruct people to click a button and execute him online." Being a conservative requires some courage and a good dose of humor; there is no better place than college to acquire these.

Also, in hopping from one hot-button issue to the next, this book fails to impart a conservative worldview that is inspiring. Conservatism and liberalism do not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merely disagree on Social Security and affirmative action—they are different projects altogether. The difference between the conservative view of, say, welfare and the liberal view is not a difference of means, but of philosophy. But in this book there is little sense of that overarching conservative vision, and so one is left with the feeling that there is little difference between conservatives and liberals other than that we disagree on some policy issues.

Related to this problem is another: that D'Souza defines conservatism too narrowly. He dismisses "throne and altar" conservatives, and indeed any philosophy that is in any way "anti-modern"—because, in D'Souza's view, to be anti-modern is to be un-American. For D'Souza, the basis of American conservatism is the Founding, which he interprets as a modern, liberal project. This is without question an important school of conservative thought, but it is just that—one school, among several. His lack of ecumenism means that D'Souza in effect excises the strain of conservative thinking "from Burke to Eliot," as Russell Kirk subtitled *The Conservative Mind*. This is especially lamentable given that it is precisely this strain that is most likely to attract students to the alternative political and philosophical worldview conservatism presents. D'Souza was inspired not only by Hart's philosophy of life and habits of mind, but also by the remarkable aesthetics of the professor's raccoon coat. As a friend of mine once asked, who wants to be a conservative if it doesn't mean drinking gin, playing backgammon, and discussing the Metaphysical poets?

But these objections should not properly distract from what D'Souza has accomplished. In this book, as in his life, he has done what not enough conservative leaders and institutions even attempt to do: He has devoted his energy to young people, giving them an unapologetic and spirited conservatism—one that has immediate relevance to them, and one that they can in turn communicate to others. We are in his debt. **NR**

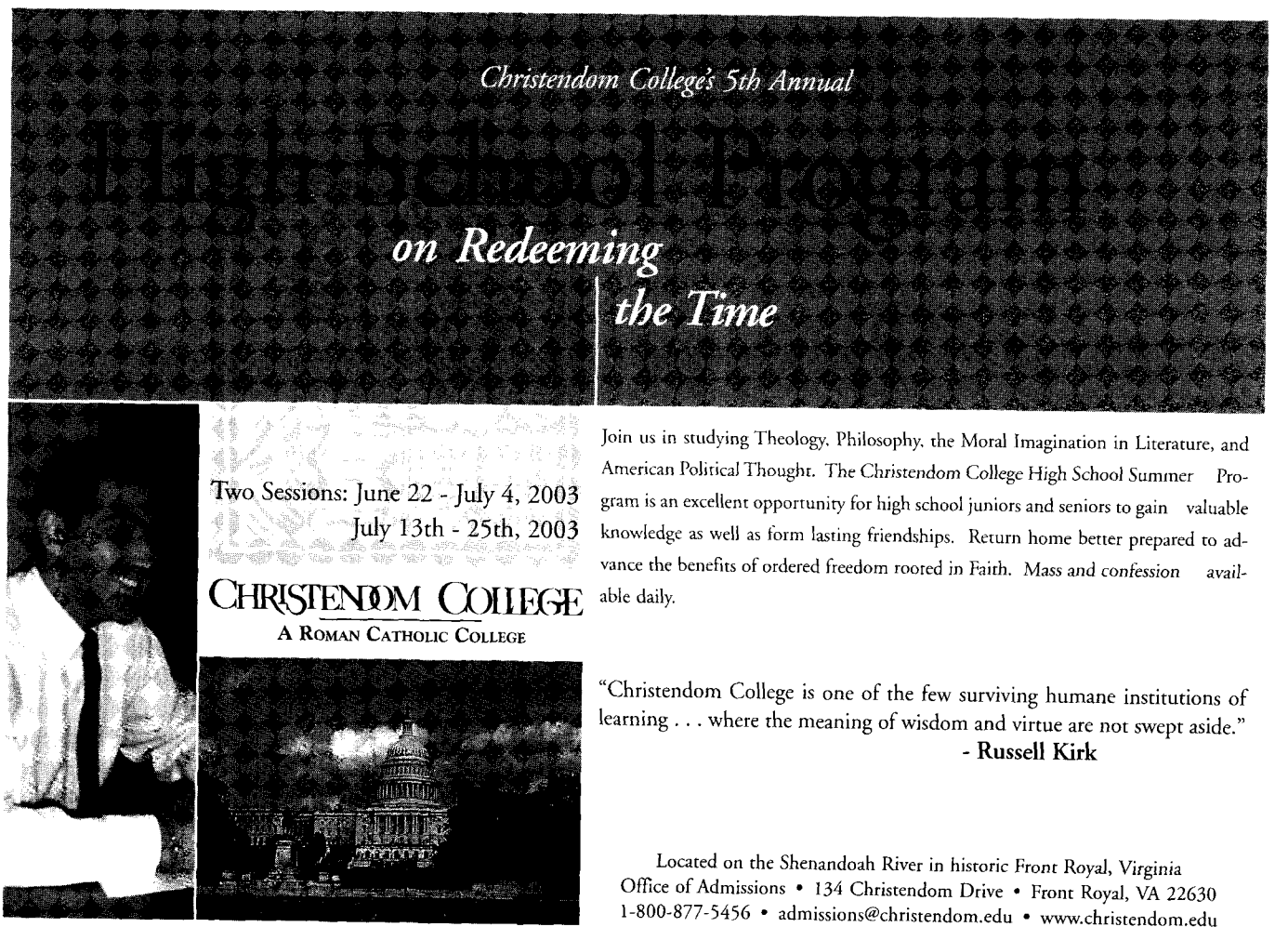
■ THE STRAGGLER ■

# I Was an Illegal Alien

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

IMMIGRATION, people tell me, is the hot-button political issue of tomorrow. Public anger is swelling. The 9/11 attacks got everyone thinking. Citizens' groups are springing up all over. Congressional and presidential candidates in 2004 are going to face a lot of questions about immigration, had better have well-thought-out positions on the topic, etc., etc., etc. The tide is turning, my immigration-restrictionist friends tell me. The sleeping giant has awoken. Etc., etc., etc.

Well, possibly. Getting Americans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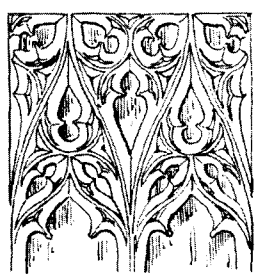
to think seriously about immigration, though, is uphill work. There is resistance to be overcome at the deepest level of the national psyche. To the degree that I am entitled to have an opinion on the matter (which, you may understandably say after reading this, is no degree at all), I myself am an immigration restrictionist, and can show published writings to that effect. Still I think we are underestimating the psychological obstacles to firm, strictly enforced immigration laws. I know whereof I speak, for I was once an illegal immigrant in these United States.

When people ask, I say that I came here in 1985. That is quite true. I arrived here in October of that year to work for a Wall Street firm, sucked in by the great mid-1980s financial boom. I entered on an H-1 visa, which is to say a working visa. In the fullness of time, and strictly according to proper legal procedures, I graduated to the fabulous Green Card, and thence to citizenship.

This has, however, been my second spell in the U.S. I came here once before, in my feckless youth—in August 1973, to be precise. On that occasion I bore only a miserable B-2 visa. I was, in other words, a tourist, admitted for no more than six months, with no right to work or settle in this country. One thing led to another, however (*cherchez la femme*), and quite soon I found myself penniless in the streets of New York, without a return ticket to England. I subsisted for a few days on oatmeal cookies, which someone had told me—falsely, I now feel sure—offer the maximum nutrition per dollar. Then I went looking for work.



The guilty flee when none pursueth, and I assumed—so young! so innocent!—that the INS had agents lurking in every side alley, liable to leap out and demand to see my papers at any moment. I therefore sought the lowest, least visible kind of work I could think of. Dishwashing seemed about right. I went into a diner—it was Jack's, I recall, on the corner of Delancey and the Bowery—and offered to wash dishes for them. Jack growled that when he needed a dishwasher, he phoned for one. Whom did he phone? I asked. He told me. I phoned them. They gave me their street address. I went there.

The dishwashing agency was one of dozens packed into a grimy building downtown on West Broadway. The deal was, you showed up there as early in the morning as you could and sat with a dozen or so other aspiring dishwashers on wooden benches facing a man at a desk. Every so often the man's phone would ring. He would engage in some grunted exchanges, hang up, and call out something like: "Rockaway eight hours dollar eighty-five." This would mean that there was work in Rockaway for eight hours at $1.85 per hour, subway fares taken care of. If you were first to the desk, off you went for a day's work.

Now, your average New York City dishwasher is not a person with work ethic oozing from every pore. If you showed up at one of the agencies early on a Monday morning, you could often get a week's work all at once. Very few of those who took this option lasted past Wednesday, though. If, after a Monday start, you were still on site that Friday afternoon, the client regarded you with wonder and delight, and offered you a real job at 25¢ extra per hour.

So it went with me. By November I was a permanent full-time employee of a kosher catering firm in New Rochelle, promoted from dishwasher to kitchen porter. I rented a pleasant room in a rooming-house overlooking the harbor, ten minutes' walk from my place of work. By February I had saved enough to buy a car. You see how people fall in love with America? I marveled at the ease of everything here. Job, lodgings, automobile—why, in a few years I might be rich!

I was still, of course, without any legal status, and it weighed on my mind. One day I confessed all to my boss, a genial fellow. He thought it a huge joke. What was this Social Security number I had been giving them for my pay stubs, though? I had made it up, I told him. He frowned. That wouldn't do, might cause trouble for them. He made a phone call to someone he knew in the local Social Security office. I should go up there, he told me, speak to a certain person, fill out the forms. I did so, answering all questions truthfully. Two weeks later I had a Social Security card. I parlayed this into a driver's license and a bank account.

Six months' steady work later, fecklessness kicked in again and I lost my job. By this time, though, I was brazen in crime. I went to an office-work employment agency, got a job as a computer programmer in leafy Westchester County, and sank happily into a middle-class lifestyle. After two years, quite by chance, my new employers found out about my immigration status (which is to say, my utter lack of any such). No problem, they said cheerily, we'll give it to the lawyers. They did so, and for the rest of my time in the U.S. I would periodically have to go to an attorney's office and sign my name to something, or fill out something. At last, well into the fifth year of my six-month tourist visa, family business called me back to England, my "case" still unresolved.

In spite of having committed gross and willful violation of U.S. immigration laws, I had paid no penalty, done no time, suffered no inconvenience. None of the various Americans to whom I had confessed had conveyed the faintest disapproval, none had told me I ought to be ashamed of myself. In the 1970s, I can report, the normal reaction of an American on learning that the person sitting across from him was "undocumented" was puzzlement. They knew, of course, that there was such a thing as illegal immigration. The word "wetback" was then current. It was just that they didn't associate the phenomenon with well-spoken middle-class types with office-worker skill sets.

I am bound to report that I see little difference in attitude between the native-born Americans of today and those of 30 years ago. Nations, like individuals, have their own ineradicable quirks of personality. It is a peculiarity of Americans that they cannot be brought to think seriously about immigration. The two best immigration-restrictionist books of recent years have been by Peter Brimelow, who is an immigrant from England, and Michelle Malkin, daughter of recent Filipino immigrants. If you have been through, or sufficiently close to, the immigration experience, you think about it a lot. Otherwise, you don't think about it at all, and can't be made to. Take it from me, a sometime illegal immigrant: Getting this nation to concentrate on immigration reform is going to be hard work all the way. **NR**



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■ SHELF LIFE ■

# The Old Mill Stream

MICHAEL POTEMRA

JOHN STUART MILL is part of the air we breathe. Millions who have never heard his name quote him unawares, and give thanks that they live in a society that reflects, in significant measure, his classical-liberal principles. His treatise ***On Liberty*** has just been reissued (Yale, 249 pp., $10.95) in a new edition by David Bromwich and George Kateb, and deserves attention. Some intellectuals bemoan the influence of Mill's ideas—but they are not rushing conspicuously to live in societies (Iran, say, or Communist China) where those ideas have failed to take hold. To succeed in the West, a political philosophy must come to terms with the ideas, and the effect, of Mill's 1859 classic.

Besides the text, this edition includes thoughtful essays by a distinguished array of commentators. In one of these, Judge Richard Posner calls *On Liberty* "the most powerful, eloquent, and imaginative defense known to me of the libertarian principle"—high praise indeed, from such a discerning source. But in another passage, Posner outlines a rather puzzling taxonomy of today's political thought on the right:

> One version of modern conservatism is social conservatism, a term that includes both the religious conservatism of a William Buckley and the neoconservatism of an Irving Kristol or a Norman Podhoretz. The other version is libertarianism—and *On Liberty* remains its bible.

To see what's amiss in this characterization, one need go no further than the subtitle of Buckley's 1993 book, *Happy Days Were Here Again: Reflections of a Libertarian Journalist*. WFB is, to be sure, a religious believer and an advocate of morality—but this does not prevent him from advocating such libertarian agenda items as free-market economics, and even the legalization of drugs. Nor is he alone in combining a metaphysical faith in transcendent truths with a support for individual freedoms; ever since the "fusionism" of Frank Meyer in the 1950s and early 1960s, American conservatism generally—even of the social kind—has had a strong libertarian component.

Posner goes on to say that "the undogmatic libertarianism of *On Liberty* may help close the gap between libertarianism and welfare liberalism by helping us to see the gap as the result of a disagreement not over principle but over the best policies for realizing the principle." But this possibility of a unification of libertarianism with the Left will need to compete with another possibility that, thanks in large measure to the efforts of Meyer (particularly in his exchanges with L. Brent Bozell), has already come closer to realization, and may offer a more realizable hope for the future: the incorporation of libertarians within the Right. Ideally, of course, the libertarians would exercise a positive influence on both broad strands of political thought: pulling the Left toward a less coercive economics, and pulling the Right toward a more persuasive approach on ethical matters.

**Modern libertarian conservatism stands on a fundamental concern for human dignity.**

Another highlight of the book is co-editor George Kateb's long introductory essay, in which he defends Mill's libertarianism as based not primarily on utilitarian grounds, but on a fundamental concern for human dignity: "Mill's book is a plea to the world: let there be individuals. There are not enough of them. They are needed. But needed or not, they are in themselves society's highest reason for being. Society exists for them, not the other way around." This is the fundamental insight of Western thought; modern libertarian conservatism stands for the proposition that this vision can be approximated in a really existing just society, and need not degenerate into a Hobbesian/Randian war of all against all. To anyone who would dismiss such a view as utopian, I offer the United States as an impressive example.

■ Jude P. Dougherty is one of America's most valuable Thomist philosophers. He was, for many years, dean of the school of philosophy at the Catholic University of America, and the CUA Press is now publishing, almost simultaneously, two of his engaging works. In ***The Logic of Religion*** (178 pp., $24.95), Dougherty examines the phenomenon of religion as it has been understood by Western philosophers from Plato to John Courtney Murray. The book offers, in remarkably brief compass, an excellent introduction to this subject.

One of the more interesting recent figures Dougherty treats is Jacques Maritain, who addressed, from a Catholic perspective, the controversy between church and state:

> Maritain recognizes that if religious institutions are to possess any authority, it will be the result of moral influence, the result of their being able through their teachings to reach the human conscience. Of course, this way of carrying spiritual primacy can be checked by an opposite course of action, chosen by other citizens. But


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Maritain believes that a free exchange of ideas, despite possible setbacks, is a surer way of attaining influence in the long run. The church is less likely to lose her independence, for if the state is enlisted to implement ecclesiastical goals, the state is likely to serve its own purposes first. History has taught us that the secular arm is always eager to exercise control.

Dougherty discusses Maritain in greater depth in ***Jacques Maritain: An Intellectual Profile*** (136 pp., $21.95; forthcoming in April). One highlight of this bird's-eye view of the philosopher's achievement is a remarkable chapter pointing out the similarities between Maritain's theory of world government and the thought of philosopher John Rawls: Both Maritain and Rawls recognized that there is a moral order whose claims override those of state sovereignty. But Dougherty's summary of Maritain's thought on this question counsels caution to those who, for example, seek to integrate Europe in a bureaucratic superstate: "It is not through the delegation of the various governments, Maritain says, [but] through the free suffrage of men and women that the world state is to be founded and maintained. If a world political society is some day founded, it will be the result of an uncoerced common will to live together, something freely chosen."

■ Looking for an excellent summation of the case for the Iraq war, and the need to oust the regime of Saddam Hussein once and for all? Seek no further than ***The War over Iraq: Saddam's Tyranny and America's Mission*** (Encounter, 153 pp., $25.95), by Lawrence F. Kaplan and William Kristol. The first chapter alone—a depiction of Saddam's brutal human-rights abuses against his own people—will be sufficient to convince most unbiased readers that the world would indeed be a better place without the Iraqi dictator. Those who persevere further into the book will learn about his past acts of aggression, and his weapons programs that are highly suggestive of his future plans.

This book is valuable even for those of us who were convinced long ago of the need to move against Saddam, chiefly because its concluding section—"America's Mission"—explains how the principles of this war point the way for U.S. foreign policy in general. A shift from a strategy of containment to one based on preemption and regime change will, if applied with sufficient vigor, make the world more hospitable to American values; it is, in short, a realistic strategy for the promotion of world peace, human rights, and our national interest.

■ Longtime readers of NATIONAL REVIEW revere the achievements of Brian Crozier as a journalist and political historian. But even those with the greatest admiration for him might be taken aback to learn that he is also an accomplished painter, poet (in both French and English), and composer for the piano. His achievements in all of these fields are on display in his new book, appropriately titled ***The Other Brian Croziers*** (Claridge Press, 325 pp., £15). This work, which stretches the phrase *sui generis* close to the breaking point, offers a new and interesting perspective on one of the most important conservative writers of our times. **NR**

## ■ BOOKS IN BRIEF ■

*In the Forest of the Night*,
by Larry Ellis
(iUniverse, 272 pp., $15.95)

A READER who has himself "been there" sometimes simply knows when a writer is "from there." The descriptions are just right: The subtlest shadings, not merely of local landscape, but of facial expressions, dialect and accent, mannerism and gesture, are faithfully rendered. The writer is at home among the people and places he is describing. Larry Ellis is from there; I can tell. "There," in this case, is West Virginia coal country in the 1960s and early 1970s—hardly the epicenter of the "Age of Aquarius," to be sure; but, for all its remoteness, a place that was not untouched by the social trends that convulsed America.

This is a murder mystery set in the coal fields of Logan County. Jack Sampson is a boy growing up there just as the 1960s hit Appalachia. Handsome, smarter than most, athletically gifted, he sets his sights high—at a time when the allure of liberation overwhelmed traditional communities almost everywhere by promising young people that truly anything is possible. In Sampson's case, as in most, reality insists on interfering—tying him to his small town, where he becomes a miner, union official, and police officer, and binding him to the culture into which he has been born. Like his Biblical near namesake, Sampson is a powerful and good man who by a curious and ambiguous route strays—and whose straying leads to tragedy. Yet in the end, he bears witness to what is permanently true and right.

In spinning his tale, Ellis makes deft use of historical events: a coal-mining disaster, bitter and often violent strikes, a plane crash that killed most of the Marshall University football team in 1970. Near the heart of the mystery is a true-to-life account of the theft of an election for the presidency of the United Mine Workers of America.

There are good guys and bad guys in Ellis's story, but the good guys are never perfect; like other human beings, neither their strength of character nor their wit is always up to challenges life throws their way. At the same time, Ellis doesn't fetishize ambiguity—moral or otherwise. The good guys may be flawed, yet nowhere does the author invite the absurd inference that good and bad are indistinguishable or merely a matter of "perspective." It is refreshing to read a contemporary novel free of such postmodernist preachments. This is Ellis's first novel; it is an unqualified success. Let's have more.

—ROBERT P. GEORGE



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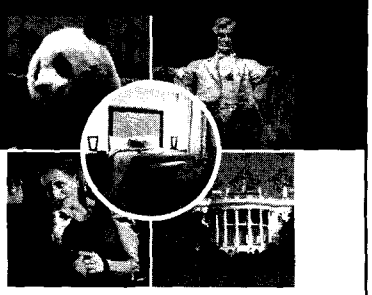

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# on the right

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

## The London View of It

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18

THE *Times* of London ran heavily on Monday with news and analysis of the antiwar protest, though it had to struggle a bit with the paradox of its former editor William Rees-Mogg. In his column, he contended that the protesters were hardening Saddam Hussein's obstinacy in the matter of arms inspections, thereby polarizing the two fronts and so encouraging the likelihood of war. The Sunday march became, then, an Anti-War Protest for War.

But how much of Iraq can the British reading public take? The editors acknowledge that there are other interests, and therefore featured on the front page an article entitled, "Prince Plucks/Up Courage/To Pop the/Question." The prince in question is of course Charles, and one would suppose that the person to whom he is plucking up the courage to pop the question is: Mrs. Parker Bowles. Well, she of course does figure in the *Times* question, but by no means exclusively. The paper reminds its readers that in 1772, the Royal Marriages Act was passed. Its provisions are that the marriage of any "linear descendant of George II" is invalid unless royal consent is first obtained.

This poses a special problem in Buckingham Palace for two reasons. The Queen does not like Mrs. Parker Bowles, and she does not like Prince Charles. One would think that a neat way to accommodate these complementary dislikes would be to wish the two upon each other! But that can't be done without also giving them, as a testamentary wedding present, the Crown. *That* Her Majesty is not disposed to do.

So can they just marry anyway? There is the problem of the Church. The upcoming Archbishop of Canterbury has indicated that he may not marry the two, because the law of his Church says: No marriage to a divorced person. That kind of objection is smiled away, in most auspices, Christian or secular; but the problem is more difficult in England because the sovereign is the principal official of the Church, indeed, he/she becomes the Defender of the Faith. Henry VIII cracked that problem, but 500 years down the line, the question opens up again.

But back to the other war; the *Times* noticed one or two anomalies. One of them was Rania Kashi, a 19-year-old Iraqi student at Cambridge who mailed her views of the war protests to Tony Blair, no less, and he read them out as having had great emotional force on him. Ms. Kashi was born in Kuwait after her parents fled there. The time came to flee again when the Iraqis forced Kuwait to repatriate the refugees. Little Miss Rania got out with her parents; not so her uncle, who was tortured and killed. In her letter to Prime Minister Blair, addressing the protesters, she wrote, "Saddam has murdered more than a million Iraqis over the past 30 years; are you willing to allow him to kill another million?" But the killer line was yet to come, at the end of her letter: "Of course, it would be ideal if an invasion could be undertaken, not by the Americans, but by, say, the Nelson Mandela International Peace Force. That's not on offer. The Iraqi people cannot wait until such a force materialises."

The newspaper gave details of the protest march, quoting the playwright Harold Pinter as saying that "the United States is a monster out of control." And then, "The Rev. Jesse Jackson, the American political evangelist, chanted some mystifying slogans. The crowd, on the whole, did not chant back. He then asked everyone to pray." The paper concluded its coverage with some "Number Crunching": "99.96%—the number of Iraqis who voted for Saddam in 1995. 100%—the number of Iraqis who voted for Saddam in 2002. 11,807—The number of pages in Iraq's dossier listing its weapons of mass destruction. 0—the number of weapons of mass destruction that Iraq claims to possess."

## Paris in the Spring

PARIS, FEBRUARY 21

IN one of his syllable-stuffed songs, Danny Kaye sang of the twisted eugenics of a family of inbred schizophrenics, which comes to mind as, in springtime in Paris, one reads of a) the pursuit of papal benediction ("Politicians Beating Path / To Vatican on Iraq War"), and b) the welcome extended to African heads of state by Jacques Chirac, president of France. It is not known exactly how the Pope greeted Tariq Aziz, deputy prime minister of Iraq, or whether Mr. Daniel Jonah Goldhagen of Harvard will one day excoriate His Holiness for consenting to meet with Aziz.

The Pope moves in impenetrable seclusion, not so the president of France. The cameras were dead on him when Mugabe, 39th of the 42 African chiefs of state in town, filed by. There had been much protest against receiving Mugabe. The European Union, protesting torture against his own people, had forbidden Mugabe entrance into European territory. Chirac set that obstacle aside, with no greater trepidation than he seems to have shown in setting the Franco-U.S. alliance aside, by inviting him to Paris. But hark, when they came face to face, Chirac merely extended his arm for a conventional handshake. This was the diplomatic equivalent of tripping the guillotine blade down on his neck, because everybody else received a Gallic embrace. This greeting with chiefs of state is absolutely rigid, calling for the greeter to place his cheek to the left of the visitor's face, then to the right, then back again to the left.

These formalities are tightly observed. The late Clare Boothe Luce, who was both a journalist and a diplomat, once wrote that on greeting Mme



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Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the president of China, she had been instructed to exchange one reciprocal bow after another until the dominant stopped, normally after completing the seventh bow. Anything less—or more—meant something hostile, and there is speculation just what that could mean for Mugabe. M. Chirac spoke, in his formal address to the black leaders, of the increasing reach of international law. As he spoke, another Serbian defendant was landing in Brussels to face trial for war crimes against non-Serbs in Croatia and Bosnia.

But the most prominent journalistic attention in Paris is being paid not to the African leaders' meeting but to the fresh clog in the U.S. Mideast operation brought on by Turkey's blatant demand for a greater price for cooperation in the pending war against Iraq. It sounds very much like sheer holdup—the United States spends freely to get aid in its international enterprises and we very much want bases in Turkey. But the potential cost to Turkey of siding with the United States is considerable. In the poker game being played, one can imagine Jacques Chirac promising Istanbul, if it promises to stay neutral, a 5 percent royalty on France's interest in Iraqi oil, plus four Gallic kisses the next time the Turkish foreign minister, Yasar Yakis, comes to Paris.

The African chiefs will come and go, and Mubarak is fortified by his recognition as head of state. Perhaps he can arrange to prevent his people from viewing the snub of M. Chirac.

## Shame on Tape

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25

THE *New York Times* has published excerpts from a tape recording. Featured: a 39-year-old man ("Curt"), a 64-year-old bishop, and a 60-year-old priest. The plaintiff carried a tape recorder with him when he confronted, first, the bishop in the diocese (Albany, N.Y.) where the crime took place, and then the priest who committed the crime. The excerpts bring rage and tears. The final words are addressed by Curt to the bishop. "You're going to go before God, Bishop. And you're going to answer for this guy [the priest]. For keeping him. All of you guys are going to answer for that, Bishop. Let me just say this, Bishop: Let my face be in every sleeping and waking moment of your existence."

Those searing words were spoken by a man who was abused by a priest for seven years. The bishop does very little of the speaking in the excerpts published in the *Times*, but to believe other than that the priest was guilty and the diocese—at best—indecisive, is hard to do. Money was paid to the plaintiff, as also to two of his brothers. Whether the diocese learned as long ago as 1994 that other offending priests were still in clerical practice, rather than behind bars, isn't established—the bishop goes no further than to say that he did not himself recall the other complaints by Curt.

It is dismaying, the terrible wound of the past twelve months. As if God himself had contrived to mortify his Church in America. The distress is most acute among clergy, who feel most deeply the fraternal blight on their calling. A doctor is especially aggrieved by malpractice, a lawyer by the disreputable conduct of other lawyers. The shame is one-hundred-fold when the offender has acted in progressive defiance of his trust. A priest who yields to an aberrant temptation tells us no more than that priests are human beings. This particular priest is heard on the tape pleading his own problem to the human being he abused. "My problem, O.K., Curt, you know, and you haven't asked this question, O.K., but you know what I've learned in my therapy is that I suffer from very immature sexual development, and that goes back to when I was a kid. Nothing happened to me, but my sexual development was arrested in terms of probably when I was 7, 8 years old."

A great deal has been done to acknowledge directly that there is a grave problem within the Catholic Church. There is near unanimity on the point that abuse of a child is also a civil crime, and that civil offenses are properly prosecuted by civil authorities. There is active a reputable commission of laymen charged with looking into the dark corners of the infestation, and one learns that the Pope is appropriately alarmed.

There are no visible means by which the hurt of the American Catholic laity can be measured, let alone alleviated. We know better than to assume that our clergy are uniquely proof against temptation. But Catholics have felt a quiet pride in the distinction of their association with the unworldly caste of men who pull away from all that is conventionally appealing in order to further the word of God. The sense of it today is that there is something on the order of a corporate responsibility by the Church in America for what happened.

In his second letter to the Corinthians, Paul speaks of his own travail. "Of the Jews five times did I receive forty stripes, save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once I was stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I was in the depth of the sea. In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren. In labour and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things which are without: my daily instance, the solicitude for all the churches. Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is scandalized, and I am not on fire? If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things that concern my infirmity." We are given perspective. We need it sorely.

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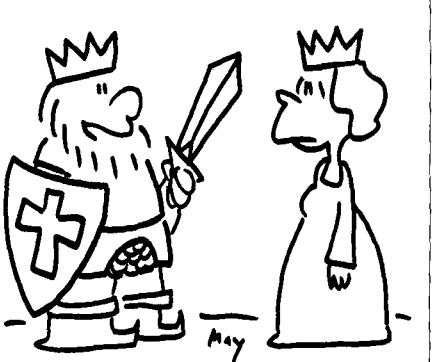


*"Now, dear, don't worry—war is just a part of the peace process."*



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# what's right

DAVID FRUM

## Low, Dishonest . . .

RADICALS who came of age in the 1990s were truly rebels without a cause. Socialism was gone and so was the nuclear arms race; and the causes that remained lacked—well—a certain oomph. Who could get excited about the campaign to deny Third World farmers cheap and productive genetically modified seeds? Things got so bad that my fellow Torontonian Naomi Klein was acclaimed as the "Pasionara" of the Newest Left on the strength of a book that argued that consumers should avoid products that displayed their makers' labels—a remarkable fusion of the principles of international socialism and those of P. G. Wodehouse's Jeeves.

But the long years of dearth have now ended. The war on terror has provided the hard Left with its biggest cause yet—and some exciting new allies.

On February 15, hundreds of thousands of people around the world rallied in opposition to American plans to topple Saddam Hussein. The *Washington Post* reported on March 3 on the origins and composition of this new antiwar movement.

"The organizers say the February rallies were first agreed upon at a small strategy session in Florence in November. But their roots go back to the days just after Sept. 11, 2001, when activists say they began meeting to map out opposition to what they anticipated would be the U.S. military response to the terrorist attacks on New York and the Pentagon.

"In Britain, according to organizer John Rees, several hundred activists first got together the weekend after Sept. 11. Most were from the hard core of the British Left—the Socialist Workers Party, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the anti-capitalist organization Globalized Resistance, along with Labor Party legislators Jeremy Corbyn and George Galloway. Within weeks, they had combined with representatives from two more important elements—Britain's growing Muslim community and its militant trade unions. By October they had a name: the Stop the War Coalition."

Glenn Reynolds of Instapundit.com has dubbed this coalition the Communist-Islamicist alliance, and like the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of 1939 it is at once shocking and yet oddly logical. Now comes the next logical step: An alliance that began with marches and demonstrations is now planning a campaign of civil disobedience.

"Campaigns to disrupt U.S. forces have also been launched," the *Post* reports. "Besides the dozens of activists who have traveled to Baghdad to volunteer as 'human shields' against a U.S. attack, nine Dutch antiwar activists were arrested Tuesday for chaining themselves to the gates of a U.S. military center outside Rotterdam. In Italy, hundreds of protesters occupied train stations and railway tracks for nearly a week to delay trains carrying U.S. military equipment from northern Italy to the Camp Darby military base near Pisa. Irish protesters broke through the perimeter fence at Shannon airport in January and damaged a U.S. Navy plane, causing other planes to divert their flights and refuel elsewhere. Trade union movements in Italy and France are pledging work disruptions and considering general strikes if war breaks out."

**By comparison, the radicals of the '60s were princes.**

In a column on February 27 for Toronto's *Globe and Mail*, Naomi Klein herself tells us that similar activities are being contemplated inside the United States.

"The most ambitious plan has come from San Francisco, where a coalition of antiwar groups is calling for an emergency non-violent 'counterstrike' the day after the war starts: 'Don't go to work or school. Call in sick, walk out: We will impose real economic, social and political costs and stop business as usual until the war stops.'"

Give the Italians and Irish this: Their antiwar protesters are grimly serious. They block trains to protest war. On this side of the Atlantic, the protesters are contemplating only skipping school. But then, maybe the North American protesters are exercising reasonable prudence. If hostilities do begin in Iraq, the United States—unlike Italy or Ireland—will be a belligerent power. And there's a term for blocking trains during a state of belligerence. That term is sabotage—and sabotage is a crime punishable by up to 30 years in prison.

At the very beginning of the War on Terror, journalist Andrew Sullivan provoked an intense media controversy for warning, "The decadent Left in its enclaves on the coasts is not dead—and may well mount what amounts to a fifth column." This set off the anti-McCarthyite klaxons of the keepers of liberal orthodoxy, and Sullivan later offered an explanation and semi-apology: "I have no reason to believe that even those sharp critics of this war would actually aid and abet the enemy in any more tangible ways" than through intellectual dissent.

It now appears that Sullivan modulated his words too soon. In the calls for interference with war activity inside the United States and on the territory of America's allies, we see something more than mere dissent—something more even than the naïve protection and justification that some on the left have extended to alleged and indicted terror-masters on American soil. We are seeing the emergence of social forces that are prepared to violate the laws of this country and its allies in order to aid America's enemies in time of war—and not just any old enemy, but enemies whose sole aim is the deliberate mass murder of the innocent.

All my life, I've condemned the antiwar radicals of the 1960s. I never, ever could have imagined that the day might come when I would have a good word to say for them. But life is full of surprises. Compared to the Communist-Islamicist alliance that goes by the name of the "antiwar" movement of today, the anti-Vietnam movement looks like an assembly of Giuseppe Garibaldis, Charles de Gaulles, Rudyard Kiplings, and Nathan Hales. And it's time to say so. **NR**



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# CON GAME

## "Conservative" Flim-Flam

**President Bush has laid out his agenda. Call it bold, brilliant, audacious or outrageous. But don't call it "conservative."**

That's what he and his party call it, of course, but it's a sad parody of real conservative values – fiscal prudence, accountability, limited government. It's shaped more by what GOP donors want than by any loyalty to those values or what the nation really needs.

**Fiscal prudence?** It's profoundly immoral to finance tax breaks for today's wealthiest Americans by **borrowing money from the unborn.** But that's the GOP plan.

**Accountability?** Bush wants us to spend hundreds of billions on missile defense, but **he's exempted the Star Wars program from all normal oversight and accountability.**

**Limited government?** Bush's Total Information Awareness program will let the Pentagon electronically monitor our personal lives. He's appointing judges who will allow **government to control women's reproductive health.**

**Real conservatives know what "investment" means.** But today's "conservatives" push an energy policy that promotes more oil and gas production – just what their political patrons want. They ignore research that shows how **a dollar invested in energy efficiency or renewable energy creates more jobs than the same dollar invested in fossil fuels.** And they're gutting policies that cost little but save us a lot – like the Clean Air Act. Between 1970 and 1990, clean-air improvements produced $23 trillion in health benefits for the nation, according to the American Lung Association. That return dwarfs the cost to industry of compliance, and we're richer and healthier for it.

**Where are the REAL conservatives today? The president and his party are running a con game. They want us to think they're conservative, but they're not.**

**They're poseurs stealing from the future, and there's nothing conservative about that.**

**TomPaine.common sense**

**A Public Interest Journal**

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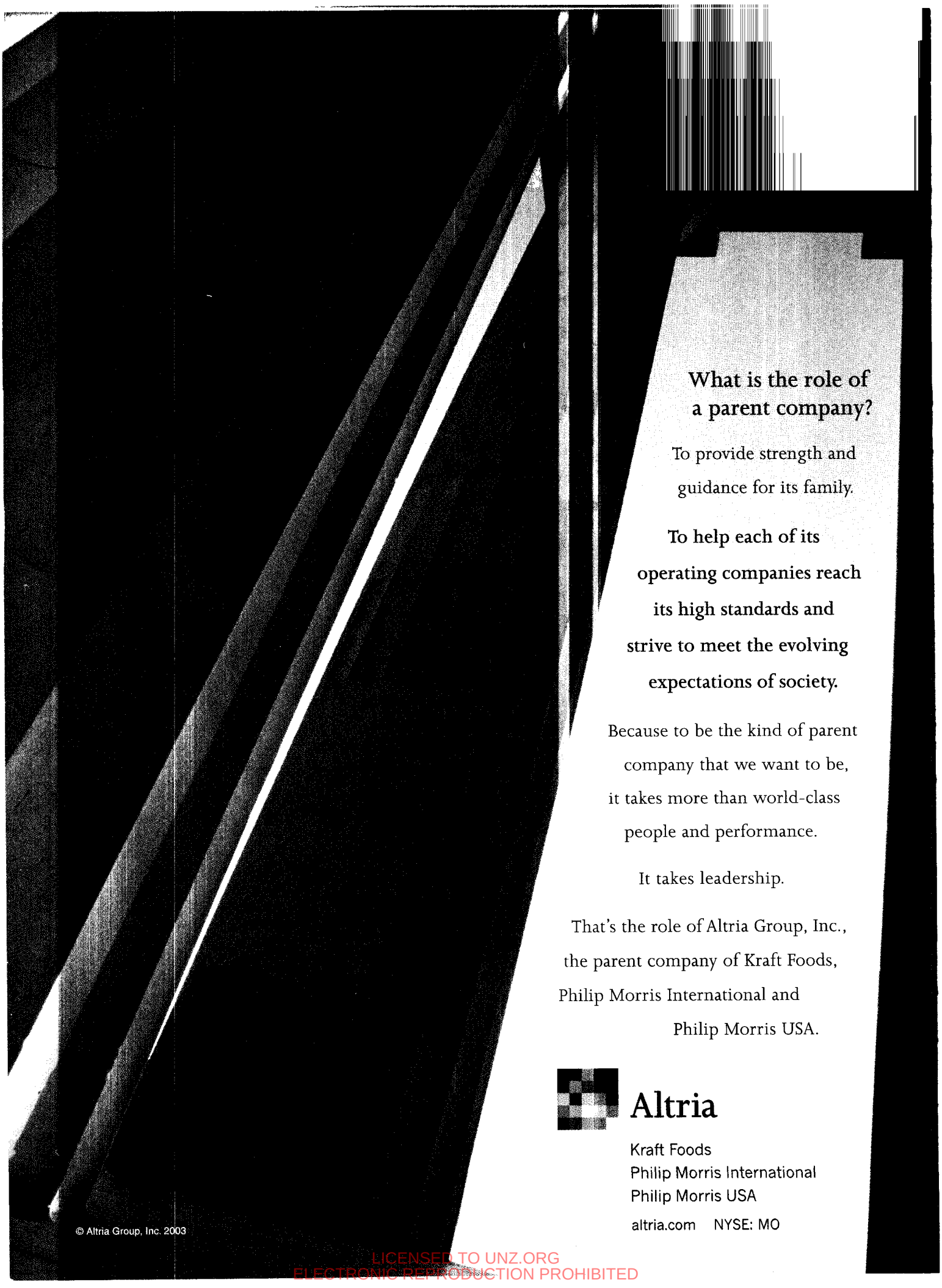

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